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The Coming Age and the Catholic Church

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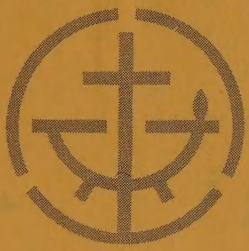

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THE COMING AGE
AND THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH
A FORECAST

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THE COMING AGE
AND THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH

A FORECAST

BY

WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

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"Dies venit, dies tua
In qua reflorent omnia."

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THE COMING AGE
AND THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH

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A SURVEY OF THE PAST

1870–1929

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THE COMING AGE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

PART I

A SURVEY OF THE PAST

1870–1929

PROLOGUE

THE POPE AND DEMOCRACY

From among the shadows that come and go upon the stage of royalty, there stood out in our time a most pathetic and arresting figure, Pius X, Pope of Rome. He, the Supreme Pontiff, combined in his own person claims which might appear at first view in deadly opposition; for his dignity came by election and betokened a democratic triumph, while his powers were held to be supernatural and not of this world. He was a King of men, yet by birth a peasant. Not born in the purple, he took rank before imperial Cæsar. Armed with unquestioned authority over tens of millions, he governed by divine right; yet whoso willed might join or quit the Catholic Church, since it is founded on the free choice and deliberate faith of its members. The American Republic itself is not more of a voluntary

and sovereign society than is the Roman Communion. And the Pontiff on the Vatican Hill, like the President in the White House, rules by the people's selection of him for a trust that is more sacred than the interests of any passing generation. Liberty at Washington, religion at Rome,—these are the highest services that can be rendered to mankind. "Catholicism" and "Democracy" are two Greek words, signifying the same thing; for it has been said, "The truth shall make you free," *Veritas liberabit vos.*

How great these subjects are, may be shown by their aptitude for rhetorical handling. They lend themselves to poetry as they demand enthusiasm, that is to say, the passionate vision of ideals, when we aim at measuring their significance. The proof is that men and women have always been ready to die on behalf of the Republic and the Church. I should feel ashamed, however, to use rhetoric in speaking of Pius X, did it imply undue heightening of such facts as, related in cool prose, bear out my argument and prove him to have been a most palpable instance of the likeness, the affinity, between

Catholic and democratic principles. It will not be charged upon me, I hope, that I am looking rather to forms than to realities, or declaring monarchy by descent unchristian. But long before the American Constitution was dreamt of, and nearly two hundred years previous to the States-General of 1789, our leading theologians, Jesuits in the front, had affirmed that power comes to the ruler through the people, who are its immediate depositary. In resisting that superstition which made kings irresponsible, these eminent teachers were following St. Thomas Aquinas; they did but repeat the lessons inflicted on European tyrants by the Papacy during its glorious Middle Age. To bring out the whole of the story by citation from documents is not now my design. Scholars know it well; Pope Leo XIII has thrown into lucid Latin the idea itself in his beautiful style; and the eloquent State-paper which begins "Immortale Dei," or that other entitled "Libertas," will furnish me with warrant enough for the parallel on which I am insisting.

The sum of these things is that, as regards the persons who shall govern, the Catholic Church is a

free elective system; that Catholics are as much members of a voluntary association as are the citizens of every true Republic; that the Pope himself is, according to the sublime ascription, "Servant of the servants of God"; and that consequently he is at home in a democratic age, as he never could be under the yoke of the old absolute monarchies. Therefore he belongs to the future, not to the *ancien régime*.

I am quite unable to see how these positions can be denied by historians or overthrown by political philosophers. If any fact is clear in past centuries it is that the Papacy brought in, and has ever upheld, the distinction between Church and State whereby absolute power finds a check to its exorbitance. The world-famous quarrels, lasting all through feudal times, renewed under Napoleon, and raging at this present hour in France or Soviet Russia, have always turned on the claim of the Holy See to independence. The Pope will never consent to be a State official like the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Metropolitan of Moscow, when the Tsar was head of the Church. He will die

rather than submit to an earthly government. He glories in the record of such past martyrdoms. And by independence he means the freedom which Catholics are everywhere to enjoy as regards their dogmas, their worship, their discipline, united to the head of their Church on earth. If this be termed an *Imperium in imperio,* then the Pope lays claim to it. He cannot give it up. Whether at Seville or Smyrna, in London or San Francisco, his spiritual jurisdiction is the same; but, evidently, it makes for freedom, supposes the willing assent of believers, and appeals to each as if alone; in other words, it implies democracy. For if I do not vote to be a Catholic there is an end of the matter. Faith is in a very definite fashion my free thought. And what the Pope demands for himself he demands for all who are on his side.

This it was which made the pathos and the tragedy of a character such as Pius X. He could not rely upon the forces of the world; they had turned against him. To the enemies who are bent on destroying Catholicism it may well appear that never before did they reckon so many chances in

their favour. Liberals, Freemasons, Positivists, Socialists, Modernists, a motley but united array, these gathering hosts were encamped over against St. Peter's shrine, in the Holy City, keeping holiday to celebrate their victorious advance. The Pope was beleaguered in the Vatican. A great painter who could indeed dip his pencil "in the gloom of thunder and eclipse" might have shown us that solitary, saint-like apparition, clad in white raiment, lifting pure hands and beseeching eyes in prayer beneath a stormy sky, not daunted by the tumult and the shouting, saddened yet steadfast in the presence of anarchy, which boasts itself under discordant names and flags of rebellion as pledged to the liberty it will not share with Catholics, and the progress it is making in civilization falsely so-called. Pius X prayed and did not surrender. He was in that day of rebuke and blasphemy the champion of religious freedom. There is tragedy in the picture of a Vatican so beleaguered; but there is pathos, too; for these new Liberals, who were exalting the Slave-State, with its compulsory secular education, its collective despotism, its seizure of public and private

resources, have almost persuaded their victims that the Pope is the people's enemy. Such has been the amazing condition of the French and Latin world. If the Vatican were taken, absolute secular governments would control and exploit that world from end to end.

A prisoner in his own palace, hard bestead by Apollyon's confederated hosts, Pius X might have been compelled to come to terms with "modern civilization," but for one thing. He held the secret of democracy. What is it? you will ask. I answer, it is that which lay hidden or implicit in the Catholic Church from the beginning—you may find it in the most astonishing sentences of St. Paul's Epistles—but which was partly revealed by the printing-press, yet more by scientific method, by Galileo, Descartes, Newton, and at last by the revolutions that swept into limbo eighteenth-century Europe. Let me call it the universality of man. Wherever man is, in spite of race, colour, custom, tradition, there is Humanity whole and entire. Neither Jew nor Greek nor Scythian, but as human as are right, duty, science, religion—in this lies the secret.

Now what, by definition and purpose, as well as by strenuous endeavour from the first, does the Catholic Church declare itself to be? "Universal" is the very style and title which it assumes. The Pope is the visible embodiment of such a power, just as science is, or printing, or true philosophy; and he simply cannot become a mere local name. The Vatican does not hold him in; the Papacy is as wide as the world. He is an incarnate idea, appealing to mankind at large. But this, and nothing else, is what we understand by Democracy, the inheritance common to all. You remember Napoleon's account of it, which Carlyle thought so admirable, "A career open to talent." The talent of talents is religion, and Catholicism knows the way to its use. If the City of Man does not suffer a miraculous change into the City of God—if the New Jerusalem foretold by prophets, beheld in visions of the night by saints, is a myth and a delusion —what profit in our Republic, though never so free? We must be free to conquer and possess divine things.

Hence the Pope's unique situation comes out

more vividly on our modern background every year, in the decay of Churches once upon a time dogmatic as Rome itself, and as the newer sects multiply. For he abides, the keeper of divine knowledge, or as we say, of Revelation, maintaining its truth and place in history against dissolving critics, on behalf of the multitude who cannot live by criticism. Cardinal Newman was speaking with scientific precision when he described the Pope as "heir by default of antiquity." Who, he suggested, has brought down to Western civilization the religious treasures of the past, if Rome has not? With equal point we may affirm that Pius X was heir by remainder of Christianity, which in the strongest among non-Catholic bodies would seem stricken unto death by those portents termed Monism and Modernism. I state facts; the evidence is at hand, too abundant, alas, and growing night and day. Revelation is in charge of St. Peter's successor. He is the king, priest, and prophet whom the world must see and hear, whether it will or no. In the language affected by Kantians, he holds of the transcendental. Faith declares that he has the keys of eternity. The

thousand churches of unbelief admit or insist that no one else puts forward this bold pretension, or would deserve a moment's credit in comparison with him. If Pius X was not the greatest of impostors, he was what he called himself, the Vicar of Christ.

I grant, and all Catholics with me, that if Christ be dead once for all, never having risen and never to come again, the Pope will die too. But mark how we stand towards the movements of this time. At heart neither Monist nor Modernist—to say nothing of the vulgar Socialist—believes in anything real except his own mind. He cannot get away from himself. All that he magnifies under the name of humanity—whatever he would fain take to be Christ or God—is the Brocken-shadow projected by his dreams on the void beyond him. To that complexion he has already come or must come; for by the philosophy of modern scepticism, current among all these reformers, man is imprisoned in his own Ego. He has created God and Christ, and now is uncreating the work of his hands. This will leave him with a world of his five senses, and physical science as their instrument. Do we seek illustrations? Let us read

the journals of life in New York, Paris, Berlin. Outside Catholic influence and that which the separated Churches have not yet lost of it, what do men and women live by? Not by ideals, nor with a view to establishing ideals. The springs of conduct are interests and passions; Utopia when it arrives is to make a life beyond the grave superfluous and incredible. The dispute between rich and poor, as carried on by too many Social Democrats, is not for righteousness' sake but for possession.

Yet man has that within which transcends the shows of time; he is and will be religious, that is to say, a lover of eternal things; and prophets he must have, true or false, who will bring him a message from the unseen. To tell him that his dreaming fancy has created God and Christ is to drive him upon moral suicide. Since the Eternal exists, there shall be some way of grasping it; on that he is determined. The history of Religion with its splendours and its sorrows is man's answer to theories of the Unknowable. His heart leaps up at the saying in Pascal, "Thou hadst never sought Me, hadst thou not already known Me." And lo, the

undying power of Catholic dogma which, in affirming Bible, Creed, Sacraments, Papacy, has achieved for an experimental and sure acquaintance with religious realities the same service that modern science has rendered to physics and biology. Taking to itself the most ancient symbols, building its Holy Place in Rome between East and West, it holds out Revelation to all tribes and tongues, as from a central shrine. Rome is the Christian Delphi. The Vatican is still the oracular Mount of Vision. Whatever else it was or may be forms but an episode in the supernatural history which it carries onward. The Roman Empire was its preparation; the Kingdom of Italy is a guest in one of the Papal Courts, and may pass with to-morrow. Papal Rome cannot pass. It is the organized and concrete shape of that Bible-religion which has called out of chaos Europe and America, subduing their peoples to Roman Law, Greek Philosophy, and the God of Israel. It is antiquity living and moving in the world of to-day.

A living, not a dead antiquity, that is my contention, and the seeming paradox will bear a great weight of argument. Scholars delight in the won-

derful changes which were due to the Renaissance—changes transfiguring art and literature. But of the Catholic Church we may say that it is a perpetual Renaissance, without which the younger peoples would be utterly divided from the past. Among the English-speaking races when attempts are made to found a new religion, what monstrous births affront the light, Mormonisms and Eddyisms, most unbeautiful to behold! Culture is the safeguard of genius in religion as elsewhere; the saint should edify, not lay waste the sanctuary. At all events, Catholic usage binds and builds up; it is original even when observant of tradition; and Rome is the Mother of Saints. We need only glance at Pius X to learn how magnificent and stubborn a character may be developed on purely orthodox lines, by a training into which not one single principle has been admitted from outside. Your common schools in America, we are told by observers, do not create strong men. But the Catholic seminary does; the master of novices in a religious order knows how it may be achieved. Heroic resistance to evil seemed in the eyes of Pius X as plain and clear a duty as

attending on lepers in Molokai seemed to Father Damien. Our annals of the latest canonized men and women are crowded with figures like these. The Catholic standard is always heroism; and every good priest or nun expects to be found in some minority which wins by suffering.

Thus I am brought to the strange position of latter-day Catholicism and of the Papacy, which journalists, or even statesmen, cannot reduce to any formula, satisfactory to themselves. Sharp-eyed reporters look in our Churches, sketch in glowing colours the scene they present, and go away profoundly ignorant of the spirit within. To newspapers, taking and making impressions of this kind only, the Catholic Church is all parade, panorama, and at best a Passion-play. No view could be more misleading. These journalist-eyes are traitors to the vital fact. Politicians, again, feel towards the Pope much as that English philosopher did who defined him as the ghost of Cæsar sitting crowned on his own tomb. The Holy See is a Great Power, yet unsupported by fleets or armies, somehow spell-binding large populations, marring the symmetry

of the State, vexatious and unmanageable—in short, Cæsar's ghost wandering at large. But neither Cæsar nor ceremonies will exhaust the mystery of that disturbing force. There is in it something beyond nature, hence it appears almost spectral in common daylight. Thanks to its supreme impulse, into every form of art and energy it can pour its inspiration, from Palestrina's music to the lowliest offices in prison, hospital, almshouse. But its miracle, every day repeated, is the new-creation of men. Catholicism, taking hold of its subject under any condition offered, begins at the heart, moulds the will, subdues the intellect and sends out of its spiritual retreat to fight, if necessary to die, the creature it found a slave and has made, by obedience, a free man. This wonder it can do for any race, however low down in the scale, for Australians, Chinese, Central Africans, Malays, taming and lifting them, as it tamed and lifted our wild forefathers of the forests and the ocean. It makes Christians by making men. Is not that the true Democracy?

Consider, if it be so, what follows. A genuine

Catholic, man or woman, is inured to self-control and ready for self-sacrifice. With transcendent calm the Church requires of her clergy and religious orders that they shall renounce home, forsake their kindred, labour without reward, die without notice. She recruits them from all ranks, by the ten thousand; and they succeed so brilliantly that, after persecutions and spoilings on every side, they stand in the twentieth century embattled, the mightiest army of conservative forces on earth. Their identity of principles endures a discipline by which all move on, the Pope leading, but no more a master than the babe christened yesterday. He did not make the Church; the Church made him. What he says and does, any priest would do and say who was throned in St. Peter's Chair. Yet not by mere policy, not as kings read speeches that ministers have composed for them, but from heart-felt conviction, as affirming that which all believe. If M. Loisy or another dissents he falls out, as it were in obedience to a law of gravitation; the faithful drop away from him, and he becomes a lonely heresiarch without a following. All the signs tell us that while the Reformed bodies

disintegrate, the Church of Rome concentrates, and that by a rapidly growing instinct, or by the sense of danger as if a world-crisis were at hand. We may picture what is happening in two strokes, persecution without, Modernism within. These are "the perils of the last times." How shall they be met?

By persecution I understand the effort to put down real Christianity, to secularize education, and to destroy family life. In all countries, by no means excepting the United States, this Antichrist wields great power; but his headquarters are, as we should expect, at Paris. From the City of Light he rays out darkness. In the name of a free people he stamps his image, and prints the mark of the beast on millions of children forced into his training-schools. He confiscates the property of religious orders and flings them out of France. He professes to be an atheist, and will not suffer God to be mentioned in books of history. It is the head and front of his design to make it impossible that a priest should teach or so much as breathe in the liberal air of enlightenment. To the supernatural Church he opposes the all-too-natural schools, where young

children are allowed freedom from every law except state-law. Moral anarchy, protected by an absolute government, is the goal towards which democracy of the French type rushes onward at accelerated speed. Moral anarchy, judging by symptoms and statistics, will yet claim a footing in free America. The average citizen, brought up in a school without God, feels bewildered for want of guidance, and drifts whither impulse takes him. His mind is a chaos; he has never been taught to obey others, or to control himself. He is not the mighty atom but the feeble unit. And so he drifts, and democracy in his wake, towards Niagara.

He drifts, I say—helplessly. All his works prove it. The organized powers which have robbed him of his public resources, exploit him and them. He has no resisting force, simply because he never knew what it was to rely on God's arm, and he is weak because he is undisciplined, selfish, and separated from the brethren. This peculiarly modern man is the exact opposite of the Catholic, but he forms the majority. A disorganized, anarchic majority, taught what it shall do by newspapers, and those not its

own. An unstable majority, lost in eager money-making and trivial or obscene amusements. An untrained majority, which cannot fight the lordly syndicates it abhors!

We Catholics are often in a minority; be it so. But our regiments know how to march and how to fight. In a few years, if the French persecution goes on, and other Latin States follow its example, such an awakening may be looked for as will surprise the world. These fiery trials have their purpose. They burn up the chaff; they clear the ground; we know what has been their effect in Ireland, in Poland, in Catholic Germany, in Belgium. Moreover, we are laying the foundations of a new Christendom. The old was established by law and privilege, deservedly so, for the Popes had rescued Europe from barbarism. But this which I contemplate as the grand event, the golden age, in a world regenerate, will found itself on free human choice, on the gradual drawing together of Christian elements, wherever existing, into a society ruled by the mind of the Master. It will be a visible Kingdom, yet no force save that of opinion will hold its parts in their due

place and rank. It will deserve to be called an International, but not an Empire. Language, race, boundaries, flags, will put no limit to its influence. The world is moving on all paths towards this confederation, not military nor political, but of the higher type cherished by Catholicism from the day of Pentecost. In Virgilian words, prophetic of Christ's coming when first uttered, "Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo." The people reign; they must have religion; there is none that can meet the demands of civilized order save the Christian; and historical Christianity is centred in Rome.

Our problem is formidable, as never perhaps in any previous era, but it is simple. Regarded in the light of a method to direct life, science has been declared bankrupt. It cannot define what we should live by; that purpose, that final cause, we learn from a teacher the latchet of whose shoe science, physical or biological, is unworthy to loose. Again, the large plausible schemes of Humanitarians come to nothing, for they despise, if they do not deny, man's immortal yearnings, and where is their obligation? How shall they persuade any man picked out of the

crowd to sacrifice for a posterity unknown, his present pleasure? Socialism makes an end of freedom, and man would be free. The Catholic Church, while enhancing his freedom, holds up for imitation a perfect human life, supplies abundance of motives to minds and tempers the most varied, teaches with authority, and proves her teaching by experience. The Communion of Saints has been a thousandfold kinder to man and his works than the best meant Communion of Goods among non-Christians ever could be; and we know how these attempts have ended. I do not hesitate to say that democracy without religion is slavery more or less disguised. No force on earth can balance it except a power that derives its origin from heaven. The safeguard of liberty for the people and, when need shall be, against them, is Revelation.

At such a time of intellectual confusion the challenge of Modernism rang out, asking Catholic dogma to disarm before the enemy. There was to be no Revelation, but only men's accumulated fancies, which converted some Oriental documents into the written word of God, and magnified a mere Hebrew

peasant as His Son. If the Church would bow to this philosophy of unbelief and make-believe, she might find acceptance at the bar of science and history; otherwise, her doom was sealed. By the most daring of pious frauds she had won her great dominion; by confessing it she would win a greater still. With infinite delicacy, with unction almost apostolic in its fervour, and with a pleading earnestness, the new Concordat was urged upon Rome. Other Churches, or at least many of their representative clergy, were hastening to sacrifice the truth of the letter that they might save the spirit of a hardly-pressed Christianity; why should the Vatican hold out? It was not a question of one doctrine but of all; yet how easy to mutter the word "Pragmatism" and reduce eternal truths to the opinions of a Time-Spirit, who had spoken Hebrew before learning Greek, and had discarded Latin for German as he travelled down the centuries! The mind of Christ, after all, was but a name for the views of theologians, beginning with St. Paul, about Him. He was a creation of religious genius.

And the answer came, without delay, from a

peasant, exalted because of his simple Christian faith and saintly life to the infallible Chair. It was given him, at an unexampled moment, to save the Creed. I compare him, in that hour of distress, to Lincoln; and, in doing so, I would honour the American patriot, the Roman Pontiff. These otherwise very unlike men had one thing in common: each knew what was at stake. Their clear vision was owing to their grand, their heroic simplicity. Lincoln saw that the Union must be preserved at whatever cost, if democracy were not to perish from off the face of the earth. He said it in words that will endure with those of the Athenian Pericles, consecrating freedom in its springtide on the shores of Hellas. And Pius X was our Lincoln, who saw that if Revelation is not a dream and the Gospel a lie, the Church must maintain her dogma, though it should drive thousands into revolt. But the Union was brought out safe, doubtless that popular rights and elected governments might have their day. The Church, in like manner, stands foursquare to all the winds that blow. When Pius quits the scene, Peter does not die. What signify the political vicis-

situdes of Italy in comparison with a new Christendom, planted securely on the faith once delivered to the Saints? That is a power to move the world, when our little jarring sects of Liberals and free-thinkers shall have sunk into the deeps out of which they arose. . . .

Even as I wrote the above (June, 1911), in anticipation of the "Holy Roman People" that should consecrate democracy to Christ the King, the sands of absolute dynasties were running out. The World-War proclaimed and brought to pass the "consummation of the age." Thus the year 1914 ranks with such dates as 1492, when America was discovered, or 1789, the beginning of the French Revolution. It would not leave one single instance of autocratic rule between the Yellow Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. "Self-determination" was the message brought to Europe by President Wilson. It announced as by a doom's blast the disappearance of Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, while the Romanoffs were already fallen, and the last of the Caliphs would shortly quit Stamboul. Minor petty princes, the

remnants of German feudalism, fell by the dozen, and the Almanach de Gotha ceased to appear. I am far from saying that in all this no elements of pathos can be found. As Wordsworth has reminded us with equal truth and feeling:

> Men are we, and must grieve when even
> the shade
> Of that which once was great has passed
> away.

Democracy, then, is the political essence of Government, whatever its outward form, in the coming age. This may be quite compatible with a dictatorship, as when Napoleon was First Consul, for the French people gloried in him. And since 1918 we have known as genuine Tribunes of the People, with unbounded authority, such men as Mussolini in Italy, Primo de Rivera in Spain, and most remarkable of all, in Turkey which has abolished the Caliphate, a modernizing Kemal Pasha.

This unexpected turn in events, which seems to prophesy that East and West are meeting as they did under Alexander the Great some twenty-three

centuries ago, cannot fail to stir deep thoughts in us who would trace in the world's vicissitudes a design such as we know they must have. What, then, let us enquire, may be the prospects of the Catholic Religion, and what its resources in a world to be new-fashioned since the Great War? When we have measured our task we shall know our duty. Granting the rule of Democracy as acknowledged and established, can we hope that a Holy Roman People will arise within its borders? I reply that we can, and therefore we ought. I would make my own the exhortation of a pioneer on this Divine Adventure:

"Let the great currents of belief run into a deeper channel. Let men realize that their most comprehensive duty in this or other worlds is intensity of spiritual life; nay, that their own spirits are co-operative elements in the cosmic evolution."

Our faith is, then, not only a Revelation but an Apocalypse; and at midnight of human history one cry will wake the living and the dead, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet Him."

CHAPTER I

PIUS IX AND HIS SUCCESSORS

When, from the roof of the English College, Rome, we students beheld the white flag waving over St. Peter's, in the forenoon of September 20, 1870, we witnessed an event which summed up and concluded the history of eleven hundred years. As Henry Edward Manning warned his own generation, the keystone of the arch was wrenched out of European politics; an era had come to an end. Therefore, 1870 was the climacteric year which ushered in the twentieth century without waiting for the Kalendar. Its contrasts were no less complete than tragic. On July 18 the Vatican Council, the most numerous meeting of Bishops ever held, affirmed the Roman Pontiff to be infallible ex cathedra—in the Chair of St. Peter. Sixty-three days afterwards, his earthly Kingdom was bounded by the Vatican garden; but

within it he was impregnable. The "solitary figure clad in white" became amazingly distinct to strangers as to pilgrims. He reigned in peace, without a revenue, trusting to the free-will offerings of the faithful, and not so much declining what the Italian Government would have given him as disregarding it. The Quirinal was taken from him with violence. But who could take from the Pope Catholic Rome?

In comparison with such an episode, which has drawn after it changes more and more significant, the fall of Napoleon III and his Empire may be taken as little else than a prelude to the Third Republic. For none but the old guard of Prussian Junkerdom imagines in the near or distant future a revulsion from Democracy to Kingship on the lines of autocracy. In like manner the German Empire was born out of due time; and its creator, Prince Bismarck, despite all his opulence in men and measures, did but fight a rearward action. No doubt he was the "man of iron, huge, loud, voracious, tempestuously jovial or dangerously grim." Yet his German Empire did not come to stay, any more than did the French of Louis Napoleon. The World-

War, looming since 1871 on the horizon, would antiquate every Constitution, the British not excepted, which it found in its path. Hence the disappearance of the Temporal Power, effected by a crime against law and justice, proved to be not only an end but a beginning. To sum up in words of my own, long ago printed, "the Papacy was for hundreds of years suzerain over kings; and the Holy Roman Empire was its armed defender. It is now the head of a world-wide voluntary association which wields no sword but its faith, and which owes nothing to secular Governments."

In this way Pius IX proved to be the Louis XVI of the Temporal Power. Whoever succeeded him in St. Peter's Chair would by the same act succeed him in St. Peter's prison. From its windows he might look out on Rome; but to go down into those thoroughfares would mean surrender. Until February 7, 1878, the last Pope who was a King endured this anomalous situation. He survived his gaoler, Victor Emmanuel, only a few days, but long enough to show magnanimous courtesy in regard to the obsequies of one who had done him the greatest

wrong. Then, after a reign of more than thirty-two years, this unique Pontiff quitted the "sacred immemorial throne," as Disraeli called it, and the Conclave met to choose a successor.

All this happened nearly sixty years ago. Four Popes have succeeded, each of them an august, inviolable person; but of subjects in a political sense no Government would allow that they had any. The Vatican has behaved with consummate wisdom, "in quietness and confidence shall be your strength" describes its attitude; and at last victory has rewarded it splendidly, by reconcilement with Italy, and the admission of the Pope's sovereign dignity. The Church, I do not hesitate to maintain, is at this day incomparably stronger within and without than she has ever been since the year 1520, when Luther challenged Pope Leo X and broke the unity of Western Christendom.

Now, in February, 1878, another Leo began the third series of Roman Pontiffs, who resembled St. Peter's successors down to Constantine, as exercising only spiritual powers. Leo XIII, a scholar, statesman, friend of democracy, reigned twenty-six

years. In the Eternal City his presence, which drew thousands annually from both sides of the Atlantic, was ignored so far as possible by King and Parliament. But Rome, the capital of Italy, could not vie with Rome, the head and front of religion, apart from which, it has been admitted by an Anglican Bishop, "there is no authentic Catholicism."

And so the "golden decennium" of Pope Leo followed, during which one happy reconcilement led on to another. Terms of peace were made with Russia. Prince Bismarck gave up his invidious "Kulturkampf," which had never been more than a pretence. Enmity with France, and seeming favour to the Bourbons and their white flag, were declared to be a myth when Cardinal Lavigerie at Carthage intoned the "Marseillaise." In America the Knights of Labour, alleged to be a secret society, were exonerated by Cardinal Gibbons. A still more illustrious advocate of working-class rights—I mean Cardinal Manning—submitted to the Holy Father suggestions for a concordat between workmen and employers, derived from his own varied experience of rural and urban industry. His arbitration in the

Dock Strike I then called our "Battle of Valmy"; for it portended the workman's certain triumph. Leo XIII had long reflected while at Perugia on the dangers of anti-Christian Socialism; he was alive to the programme of Fourier and Karl Marx. He now put forward his epoch-making Encyclical on "The Condition of Labour," which has not unfairly been termed the Workman's Magna Charta. It upheld the doctrine of the living wage, and defended the right of private property and equitable interest, while denouncing the methods by which a whole nation was brought under the control of a few millionaires. No more vehement yet closely reasoned an attack on the plague of avarice, whether public or private, has been made outside the New Testament, of which it is an echo. After Leo XIII spoke out, the Labour Movement among Catholics was taken up with enthusiasm; the World-War involved heroic self-sacrifice on all fronts never before equalled; and though general strikes have broken out, every nation is more united than at any previous period in the Industrial Era.

But a false philosophy leading to widespread un-

belief was rampant. Materialism and scepticism had risen up against the mind; and Leo turned for a remedy to St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angel of the Schools.

On August 4, 1879, he announced with rare splendour of rhetoric, that "the glorious teaching of Aquinas should be restored." From henceforth in every Catholic College and University the "Summa" was to be the actual textbook. "After Thomas," we may believe with a deep thinker, "nothing is left but the light of glory," the very vision of God. Differing schools of opinions had always held their own in East and West. Antioch cultivated the letter of Holy Writ, while Alexandria sought in its pages a mystic Revelation. When during the later Middle Ages new schools of thought sprang up, the Dominicans and Scotists waged between them tournaments of ideas. Luther, again, was the occasional cause of Jesuit treaties by Suarez and other magnates of suggestive thought. But Leo's return to St. Thomas implied that a training in rational first principles was needed more than ever. The chief assailant of Catholic belief, soon to be felt

even in our seminaries, casting a spell on literature, and laying waste Holy Scripture, was named Immanuel Kant, whose methods of reasoning now brought forth a system proudly termed "Modernism."

From about 1890 the standard-bearer of this attack on Church tradition was a French priest and professor in Paris, named Alfred Loisy. Though speedily denounced in Rome, he met with remarkable forbearance from Leo XIII. That such consideration did not imply agreement with Loisy's principles or methods in handling the New Testament came out most distinctly when the Pope's Encyclical, "Providentissimus Deus," maintained the inerrancy of Holy Writ and the accepted teaching. No modernist could acquiesce in that tradition; neither did Loisy; but for the time being he was left to the local authorities. He had no direct acquaintance with Protestant religious life, but was fascinated by the latest German piecemeal-critics of the Bible. His dangerous line of argument could end only as it did under Pius X in condemnation.

Loved and revered by strangers alike and Catholics, this brilliant Pope, Leo XIII, whose motto and

policy besought "light from Heaven," lingered until July 20, 1903, when the twentieth century was bringing in a new world. He had sprung from a noble Roman stock. His successor, Pius X, elected on August 4, was Patriarch of Venice, a man born in the humblest condition, not learned nor travelled, but essentially what the Catholic Church has always understood by a Saint. The name, chosen out of regard for the last Pope who had been a king, did not portend a fresh insistence on the Temporal Power. Pius X simply exchanged St. Mark's Rest for St. Peter's captivity in Jerusalem or the Mamertine.

Though utterly disdaining the pomp of royalty, this unwearied Pontiff had to his credit in eleven years more than 3,000 decrees on the most diverse subjects. For centuries the Canon Law, by which Catholics were governed, lay scattered in huge tomes (or "tombs," as a writ called them) hardly less intricate than the opinions of English Judges. At length a man of incomparable skill and insight, Cardinal Gasparri, reduced this chaos to order, and gave us one single comprehensive volume like the Code Napoléon, every paragraph numbered. A new

critical edition of St. Jerome's Vulgate was entrusted to Cardinal Gasquet, O.S.B.; and the Book of Genesis may now be read as revised. Bible studies flourished in Rome and Jerusalem. Meanwhile, taking his firm stand on Catholic Tradition, the Pope was called upon to repel the direct advance of Modernism in 1906-8, led by Loisy and the English Jesuit Tyrrell, a revolt which excited world-wide interest.

In the longest Encyclical ever drawn up, beginning and named "Pascendi," the character of that movement was analysed, its doctrine shown to be the ruin of the New Testament. Exceedingly severe measures of discipline were put in force; but the number of defections was not great. George Tyrrell died an early death, much lamented. And the Abbé Loisy proved by his commentary on the Synoptic Gospels that he had ceased to be a Christian.

I cannot forbear adding that in the opinion of qualified judges other than Catholics the policy of Pius X in rejecting and putting down Modernism was the only safe way of dealing with it, and alone dictated by history and dogma. For this Kantian

denial of the Creed as objectively true would have stripped the Bible of inspiration and Christ of divinity. But while it undertook to satisfy German thought, it made of Religion a day-dream.

"It is difficult," says a highly competent Oriental scholar (not a Catholic), "to see how we can call ourselves Christians in the sense which the term has borne for the last eighteen hundred years, and repudiate or modify the articles of faith which historical Christianity has maintained everywhere and at all periods." That surely is common sense and plain dealing. When it is alleged that Jesus of Nazareth did not know what He was, but we know it—and that is Modernism in a nutshell—the play is played out. All we need say is "Sepeliatur."

I happened to be writing on August 20, anniversary of the day in 1914 when Pius X died and the Germans entered Brussels. The World-War foretold by mystics, engineered by politicians, undoubtedly shortened that saintly life. The Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, who had not learned wisdom from his ever-lengthening litany of sorrows, begged the Pope's blessing on the Central Powers.

He received in answer, "I bless peace, not war," but the catastrophe claimed its victim, and Pius X died, to be canonized at once by popular veneration. I am glad that on a certain Whit-Sunday (in 1902) I said Mass at the shrine of St. Mark and listened to his preaching from that pulpit. In person my friend S. W. Allen, late Bishop of Shrewsbury, strongly resembled Pius X, and was even taken for him in the streets of Rome. But the Pope died of his imprisonment and followed the nineteenth century with its problems to the grave.

In that disputable forecast of the Popes, ascribed to St. Malachy of Armagh, the motto corresponding to Pius X was "Ignis ardens," or "A burning fire." It was remarkably descriptive of his energy, zeal, and policy towards Modernism. The next in order loomed portentous on the Conclave now to be held, "Religio depopulata," or "Religion laid waste." It would find fulfillment in the sacrilegious and wanton destruction of some fifteen hundred Catholic Churches in Belgium, Northern France, and Poland. With a shiver of apprehension we read that Rheims Cathedral had been struck by a German shell.

But Louvain, outraged and in part burnt, was the deadly "prologue to the omen coming on." September 3 had seen the French Government taking refuge at Bordeaux while the march of the Huns pressed on towards Paris. That same day the Conclave elected a new Pope. The ablest candidate, in public esteem, was Cardinal Maffi of Pisa. But Pisa from of old had been Ghibelline, not Guelf, and Roman memories are steadfast. Therefore, as in similar conjunctures was a tradition, the choice fell upon a noble family, of which the very name, Della Chiesa, went back to the age of St. Ambrose, and the Cardinal of Bologna, whose declaration in favour of the Church's neutrality had pleased the Sacred College, became Pope Benedict XV. The single predecessor he might claim as his own stock was Innocent VII, who lasted only two years, during the Great Schism of the West (1406-7).

History, it is probable, will recognize in this Pontiff who saw the War begin and end a sincere lover of peace, without ambition or specific political aims, a priest rather than a prince. That was all to the good of religion and the reconcilement which

he constantly urged. For Catholics were arrayed in combat on all sides; they illustrated once again Napoleon's deep saying, "Every war in Europe is a Civil War," but no commander-in-chief emblazoned on his banner the word "Crusade," aptly as it might designate the deliverance of Belgium from a wanton and pitiless usurpation. During the Thirty Years War (1618-1648) religious interests were beyond question at stake; and now too "the good old German God, Odin," was aroused to fight for his Teutons. But Rome could deal impartially with both sides.

This apparently negative policy found then, as it may find still, severe critics; but a defence of it is not far to seek, and Benedict XV has left a gracious impression even on non-Catholic historians. They bear in mind that Europe had refused the Pope a seat on the Hague Tribunal, as not being a sovereign but a private person. He had no juridical powers by which to summon the Kaiser as a culprit before him. All he could do, and this Cardinal Gasparri did, was to declare that Germany had by its Chancellor admitted the violation of Belgium to be against law and treaty. He told Cardinal Mercier,

"your cause is our cause," and took measures to ensure him a free passage between Malines and Rome. By and by, when Italy joined the Allies, he blest the tricolour flag. And though closely connected with Austria by kinship, and not anxious to see the Dual Empire broken up, he condoled even with the Quirinal when its whole army seemed to melt away at Caporetto.

In general Benedict condemned all outrages, which was equivalent to putting the German War Book on the Index; for this volume reduced morality during hostilities to "fear of reprisals." The Pope's draft of a European Peace at Christmas, 1916, reverted to pre-war conditions, with reparation for Belgium; but Kaiser Wilhelm was not yet awakened from his dream of victory, and France wanted security on the Rhine, while Britain would never give up the German colonies.

As a peace-maker Benedict could do no more. But all along, from as early as 1915, he had protested against methods of warfare by which new horrors were added to Armageddon. His own efforts transformed Rome into the headquarters of a vast

Ambulance Corps, intent upon helping prisoners, supplying needful information to their friends, and keeping up the number of chaplains at the front. While from Washington the American President, "too proud to fight," answered German outrages with Encyclicals, Pope Benedict had a policy, of which the keynote was "neither conquest nor reprisal." The Germans would fain have drawn him their way; but when Austro-Hungary did its utmost to destroy Venice and Padua, it forfeited the sympathy of the Vatican. Fate was making a clean sweep of Empires and dynasties which aimed at a world-dominion.

Italy had secured from the Entente as early as April, 1915, that no representative of the Holy See should be permitted to take action in promoting peace. But when a deadlock at the front in August, 1917, appeared to mean stalemate, Benedict urged once more his programme of reciprocal terms, with a return even of her Colonies to Germany if the Kaiser would give up his other claims. The Powers replied civilly, but that was all. England, however, at last was resuming diplomatic relations with Papal

Rome, which had ceased in 1689, when James II lost his throne. From 1917 Great Britain has had double representation in the Eternal City. As a diplomatist at large Pope Benedict might not be welcome to the warring Powers; but his heroic religious efforts won their admiration, and a statue in Constantinople, erected by the Moslems themselves, bears remarkable witness to the love of peace which animated all he undertook.

But not even so keen-sighted an observer, being unacquainted with Englishmen at home, could have foreseen the consequences to these Protestant millions, entrenched or active on Catholic fronts, in France, Belgium, Italy, during the years 1914 to 1918. They had their Anglican or Dissenting chaplains, no doubt; but the only Churches they could frequent were Catholic, and these had each an altar, tabernacle, Holy Mass, the Real Presence. Everywhere the crucifix, high in air and wind, storm-beaten but unconquered, taught them the Gospel of redeeming love. They saw that the Priest knew how to help and comfort the dying soldier, when others could only look on. In these Catholic

sanctuaries light dawned upon men who had never seen it as a heavenly radiance before.

And this was the old, genuine English religion, admittedly so; but more than that. For they saw it active and living on the whole Western Front, in Italy, Austria, Poland, and when the War was ending in victory, on the Rhine. Their Irish comrades, liveliest of soldiers and as if in their element, were descended from Celts to whom St. Patrick brought this Roman creed, or from Normans who learnt it in France.

Thus a real experience, not hearsay but life itself, while this unbroken campaign dragged on, made England's recruits familiar with a worship of which the mere empty shell could be traced in the parish churches at home. But Westminster Abbey told the same tale as Maredsous; and Canterbury was akin to Rheims. The World-War thus began a fresh and promising chapter in the conversion of England.

Not as though large contingents of the troops were reconciled, though some took that step. But the dead weight of Protestant prejudice fell off;

Catholic associations made pleasant memories; and, to crown all, the outstanding figure of a religious hero since the War began was Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines. He stood "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved," while the iniquitous horde of Teutons raged round him. To the Belgian people he said, "Be still; your King commands it. Leave the fighting to our army and our Allies. But remember that you are not subjects of any sovereign or bound by any constitution except your own. To the enemy you owe nothing. Look forward. Belgium will be free once more."

These noble words, as I wrote when they appeared in the Cardinal's pastoral, reduced the German forces to the moral impotence of an earthquake, or a breaking of the dykes. The Cardinal had been in England; he was conversant with men and opinions; him, therefore, leaders in the Church of England sought when they would ventilate terms of possible reunion. But still more encouraging than set conferences we must reckon the goodwill now shown by the English people to Catholics, who had taken their full share in the War like all true patriots.

Reverting to the year 1917, we note it as the fourth centenary of Lutheranism, which was now losing all its vigour. In March the Tsardom fell with a mighty crash. On Good Friday, April 6, President Wilson declared war against Germany, thereby making its defeat assured. Poland was liberated in a magnificent style by Kerensky, then supreme at Petrograd, but soon to yield before the hideous form of Bolshevism. No Mongol invasion by Genghis or Tamerlane could have made a more determined attack on Christian belief and practice than this crude atheism, suborned with German funds to capture Russia. The bureaucracy disappeared, the nobles emigrated like the French in 1789, but the West could attempt nothing in the way of resistance to Lenin and Trotsky.

Yet 1917 brought to Pope Benedict and all Catholics welcome gifts. The new book of Canon Law in preparation since 1901 was now put into force, and excited universal admiration. Again at Caporetto, in October the Italian Army had melted away before the Austrians without fighting; but King Victor Emmanuel rallied it, and on the Carso during

a series of Alpine victories it annihilated the Habsburg Empire. This, which had so long been the greatest of Catholic powers, could not pass away unlamented in the Vatican; but other national movements enforced its breaking up. It had lasted, if we reckon from Charlemagne and the year 800, more than a thousand years, when Charles VII ended the Cæsars.

But a supreme satisfaction was awaiting all Christian folk when General Allenby, having defeated the Turks at Gaza, entered Jerusalem on December 9, the Festival Day of the Maccabees, without shedding one drop of blood. Four hundred years had gone by since the first Ottoman Caliph reigned over Egypt and Palestine (1517-1917). England had been long the protector of this Moslem Empire, but now British troops were Crusaders, welcome to Arabs and Jews. When Syria fell into the hands of the French, as it speedily did, the Turkish Empire shrank to Asia Minor, thereby fulfilling a prophecy of Newman's, but the Greeks would not attempt to occupy Constantinople, though invited by Lloyd George, and thus, while the Caliph

is no more, Stamboul remains subject to Angora.

Until as late as August in the year 1918, the General Staff (G.H.Q.) would not allow that Germany had lost the war. During these grim and great encounters Pope Benedict could only persevere in his ambulance work, while the devout Marshal Foch invited children's prayers for victory. When Bulgaria collapsed in October and the Kaiser fled to Holland, where he abdicated, the Armistice of November 11, 1918, ended the war but left the nations in disorder not much less trying than that which prevailed when the Roman Empire ceased to be.

In the negotiations at Versailles, the Pope was not consulted, thanks to Italy, which always felt uneasy lest Europe should guarantee his independence. But he took his own way when Bohemia was joined by the Slovaks, and in spite of a new Hussite rising, he did not lose the kingdom of St. Wenceslas, now a Republic under President Masarik. The misfortunes of Hungary were not lightened by King Charles's efforts to recover it. But an edifying priest, Mgr. Seipal, kept order in Vienna, which

was henceforth to be the too vast capital of a small Duchy on the Danube.

Germany, occupied so far as Frankfort by the Allies, had become a Socialist Republic, not by choice, for the Government was even yet Prussian, Hindenburg acting as the Kaiser's lieutenant. This feeling of loyalty did not survive the ex-Emperor's second marriage, and the Teutons are now sincere Republicans. In a single week, as we have said, all their Royalties, major and minor, were flung into the street. Feudalism, even in Prussia, went under with Junkerdom. Luther had transferred the Pope's supremacy to the King; but after 1918 there was no king to exercise it. Thus had the Kulturkampf ended, not without ignominy.

It is gratifying to observe that Catholic districts in every part of Europe without exception were quiet and self-controlled; they gave no encouragement to the Communists or to Bolshevism. And in the Sacred College, between Cardinals of whatever nation, peace reigned. History was bringing to light every day the proved origins of this frightful calamity; but the Holy See had neither art nor

part in it. Benedict XV, by his absolute neutrality and kind action to all alike, saved the Catholic Church from what its enemies would have called disruption. The War was a German State enterprise, not concerned with creeds but empires, and aiming at the dominion of land and sea, with a Prussian Kaiser as lord of all.

The recovery by Christian arms of Jerusalem and the Holy Land brought a recompense to Benedict such as no other victory could have given. It did more, as beginning "that urge towards the Orient" which would inspire Catholic missionaries to grapple as never before with Eastern systems of thought and religion. An opening as regards the world of Islam had been made in 1918, when the King of the Hejaz, who was hereditary Keeper of Mecca and Medina, sought aid from Britain to repel the Turks. That assistance was given from Egypt; and thus the orthodox Arabs had their share in a Crusade.

Pursuant to this method, not of controversy but of interpretation, we shall become aware of the profound reverence for our Lord, the Son of Mary,

which the Koran inculcates by word and example. But no more on this subject here, to which I shall return, please God.

Pope Benedict, from 1921 onwards, inaugurated a long succession of Catholic memories on which he dwelt with delight for our learning. That year was the centenary of Napoleon's death at St. Helena, to which Manzoni paid the tribute of a splendid Italian dirge for "the greatest of parvenus," if not of military commanders sprung from a Tuscan stock. But greater still was St. Francis of Assisi (died October 4, 1228), whom Benedict glorified while Industrialism was heaping up resources, but had not yet learned how to distribute them wisely. Another Catholic and Italian claimed unique honour, Dante Alighieri, whose "Vision" was the Roman Faith rendered into musical verse for all time. And in extolling the "Divine Comedy" how could the Pope overlook St. Dominic, or the Angel of the Schools, Aquinas?

None of these, our ancestral guides, was a dead author, a memory or a tomb. The Church and Historical Christianity could not be divided. There

was even a Catholic strain in Shakespeare, as I had the privilege of showing on his tercentenary in 1916.

During those years of the World-War, not only had our Religion proved its Gospel power on all fronts as helping and healing, but fresh Catholic States arose. Poland overcame its partition; Ireland, outside Ulster, won Home Rule in 1922 as the "Free State," with its Government in College Green. The Pope gave a Cardinal to the Irish Hierarchy, and beatified the Irish martyr, Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh. This highly gifted prelate, a victim of the Popish Plot, was condemned on the flimsiest of evidence and executed at Tyburn in July, 1681.

From the Vatican our conciliatory Pontiff guided the problem of peace with United Italy towards its resolution by simple courtesy. While keeping his own dignified state he welcomed the pilgrims who flocked to St. Peter's; he gave audience to President Wilson and the Prince of Wales. When he began his reign in 1914 he found only two Embassies and seven Legations; he bequeathed to his successor seven Embassies and Twelve Legations. Towards the

foreign Missions he was munificent; and he won protection for them under the Treaty of Versailles.

This admirable Pope, given to us in our utmost need, was taken home suddenly, dying on January 21, 1922. The Church and the Nations joined in mourning him.

His successor, elected, after a brief conclave, on February 3, was the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, who took the title of Pius XI. He gave his blessing from the balcony of St. Peter's, thereby including the National Guards. "No Pope of modern times," we read, "has been so universally hailed, or received such an international endorsement." Achille Ratti might well indeed take the world's fancy. An Alpine climber, a master of many languages, a tourist who had read a Latin oration in Oxford on Roger Bacon and studied Polish at Warsaw, the Pope could not well be more modern, while his foretold device was "Fides Intrepida," or "Faith without Fear."

Viewed at large, the condition of the Church had never been so promising or so difficult. The one thing required was freedom, as it existed in the English-

speaking world. But elsewhere the practice of Establishments and Concordats darkened counsel, although Pius X had given up all French endowments in 1905, rather than permit laymen to elect their own priests. In Italy the State is paymaster yet of bishops and clergy, a practice which dates from Napoleon, who dreamed even of making the Pope a salaried official. Pius XI, by a happy resolution, followed the independent line whenever possible. And in so doing he could more effectively act on Catholics, as they had easier access to him. Just because the modern State deemed itself secular in aim and requirements it should be impartial enough not to meddle with religion. Yet in France our Religious Orders were still suppressed, and Alsace-Lorraine could only preserve its Christian schools in virtue of its bordering on the Rhine. An infidel Government in Mexico declared religion to be simply illegal.

In 1917 Cardinal Bourne had undertaken a journey which, beginning in Egypt, led him by way of our Greek and Serbian Allies even to Gorizia,

not far from the Adriatic. He was received everywhere with reverence as a Catholic Archbishop sent by Rome in their utmost need. These Churches, while self-governed, had long looked up to Moscow as their head and centre; but how could they do so any more when the Soviet would not endure it? The English Cardinal reminded them that SS. Cyril and Methodius, who taught their ancestors the Christian creed, were sent from Rome by Pope Nicholas the Great; and in Rome at St. Clement's was the shrine of St. Cyril. Thus they need not despair because the Russian Church no longer seemed to exist. For Holy Rome was the mother to whom they could turn.

On this incident and all it illustrates I should like to dwell briefly. Cardinal Newman, in his letter to W. E. Gladstone in 1874, as we have already seen, used a bold phrase. The Pope, he said, was at least "heir by default" of the Apostolic Churches, which were all extinct save St. Peter's at Rome. They had been robbed of vitality by the Mohammedan conquests. Antioch, Alexandria, Ephesus—what did they signify for Christian belief now? But the Papacy had never ceased; on the contrary, it called

into existence a new Christendom, thanks to the Barbarians to whom it taught the Gospel.

Thus it was to be "heir by default" of the orthodox East.

CHAPTER II

THE CRUSADE OF PEACE

We may fix upon the Year of Jubilee, 1925, as the great divide between past and future. Twenty million men of the finest human qualities had perished by violence; not a single Empire, as we have said, could be found from the Yellow Sea to the Atlantic; dynasties had ignominiously collapsed; and all to what purpose or result? President Wilson answered, "that the world might be made safe for Democracy." Such was the cheerful American solution given, as in Laputa, by inference from afar, but irresistible because no alternative appeared. And never before had an experiment in amateur self-government been tried on such a colossal scale.

But since votes and Constitutions were machinery, thoughtful men looked round for the vital spirit that should control them and give to Democracy an ideal worth its while. Catholics knew of none but

Religion. The Papacy had come out of the War with authority enhanced, as "a thing enskied and sainted," and Pius X had bequeathed to his successors the mighty enterprise of a Christian Restoration.

Accordingly, Pius XI took it up by instituting the Feast of "Christ the King and His Kingdom" for this utterly new world.

But again we learn from the Bible that divine Providence guides human events to issues foreseen, though not by the actors in them. Thus Constantinople, out of mere rivalry, set up its own Patriarch against the Pope; and its fall in 1453 announced that nothing was left of the Byzantine Empire. But a New World waited for Columbus to plant the Cross on its shores, and Catholic America was baptized in due course.

We are now encouraged by these instances of what may be perhaps a law of compensation, to hope that St. Peter will recover in the twentieth century much that he lost in the sixteenth. Let not those pretentious words, "Reformation" and "Revolution," daunt us. They are bearing Dead Sea fruit. And meanwhile

tokens of the Catholic Restoration increase and multiply.

The welcome so universally given to Pius XI proclaimed that he was called upon to do great things. A manifest increase of religious fervour could be noted, side by side with its contrary, in the years of distress which were consequent on the War. Pilgrims had begun to visit Lourdes in numbers steadfastly growing. But no assembly of Catholic clergy and people had ever equalled the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, where a million voices proclaimed belief in the Real Presence.

The Year of Jubilee, 1925, was to make amends for 1900, which, owing to Pope Leo's advanced age, had no real celebration. Now, the Supreme Pontiff was in full vigor (although already much tried by his monotonous seclusion after Alpine mountaineering), and he gave audience, it is computed, to some 200,000 of the Faithful. At least 1,250,000 pilgrims made their way to Rome. And from his Chair in the Basilica, Sunday after Sunday, the Pope beatified or canonized holy men and women, heroic servants of God in recent years. No more telling

reply to charges of decadence or corruption used against Catholicism could be asked for.

Among these grand instances of Gospel-sanctity, it was remarked how many were French. One in particular had captivated the popular imagination to a degree without example in our time. She was affectionately called "the Little Flower," being a Carmelite sister of Lisieux in Normandy who died in 1895, when barely thirty-one, after promising that in Heaven she would help those who should call upon her. Soldiers at the front in no small numbers ascribed their escape under fire to this heavenly non-combatant. Her innocence, gaiety, and joy in suffering, went to the hearts of men and women bowed down by loss of dear kindred, by poverty and fear. Within an incredibly short time copies or translations of her simple story to the extent of thirty millions, it is said, were circulated.

Pius X had canonized Joan of Arc, to the satisfaction of repentant England no less than France, thus verifying Shakespeare's prediction,

> No longer on Saint Denis will we call,
> But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's Saint.

CHAPTER III

THE ULTIMATE AIM

On reviewing the whole period from the Vatican Council to our own, we cannot fail to be struck by the logic of defence (so to call it) which animated the Papacy. In Pius IX, though not a theologian, we see one who condemned the movement of Unbelief as a whole by the Encyclical and Syllabus of 1867. The Vatican Council made an end of Jansenism and provided, as it were, against a state of siege in which absolute governments would always find the Pope was beyond their reach; and the loss of Temporal Power ended a kind of civil war with Italy.

Leo XIII, by restoring the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, gave our Schools a plan of campaign with which to discomfit sceptics, materialists, monists. He inaugurated the constructive Labour Movement which secures a living wage and old age

pensions to the toiling masses. He made peace with Germany, Russia, France, and had views on the Orient which Pius XI is adapting to our time.

As regards Pius X, we need only recall such title deeds as Modernism, the Latin Vulgate, Canon Law codified, the freedom of the Church in France won at the price of disestablishment and disendowment, to illustrate what was achieved between 1903 and 1914 by the Peasant Pope. He would not bless war, and he bequeathed to his successor the policy of absolute neutrality.

That principle, strictly observed by the wise and gentle Benedict XV, saved the Church from schism, humanly speaking. We can now look back on the greatest War ever waged as a tale that is told. By acting as an angel of Humanity the Holy Father lightened its evils; nor has the estrangement to which it gave rise turned out to be so lasting as good Christians feared.

There cannot be a doubt that practical science is now doing for Religion a service such as the Renaissance did on behalf of learning four hundred years ago. I mean that it is bringing us all to a common

centre of understanding though not of agreement. We live in a new age; but its newness does not consist merely in the triumphs of the laboratory or the conquest of the air. As deep thinkers foretold, an age of mental and moral anarchy has now set in.

I open a book of yesterday by a professor known to us all, who writes calmly: "Just because even the least dogmatic of religions tends to associate itself with some kind of unalterable moral tradition, there can be no truce between Science and Religion." Or, as Nietzsche affirmed, "Science goes beyond good and evil."

We must bear to know these things. After centuries of revolt against the Bible, Church, and Creed, the ultimate aim stands revealed: it is that science, pure mechanism, shall postulate invariable law, but ethics shall have none. And why? Because Science will own neither God nor Master. The surgeon is to be as indifferent to right and wrong as the surgeon's knife. Conduct and conscience shall be what the individual chooses to make of them, limited simply by equal freedom in others. Self-regarding action, said Mill in his widely circulated Tract

on Liberty, must be unrestricted, even to the extent of suicide. Moreover, since the World-War, decorum in public has given away to a lack of decency, betokening the sexual revolution foretold by Renan as a consequence of unbelief. In hitherto self-respecting Britain as in Puritan American such open outrages on Christian modesty pass without reprehension. They are symptoms of a mental and moral debasement to which empty churches also bear witness. When the Apostles set out to convert the Pagan world they found corrupt religions in front of them. Now the task of the missionary is to turn the hearts of millions from irreligion, and that in spite of the Board School Bible-reading.

In France all the State education has ignored Religion since 1877. The President dare not be seen in Church except on a political occasion due to some foreign potentate. And as regards no small number of the Germans their apostasy from Christian beliefs and their indulgence of perverse habits cannot be described. Catholics indeed have ever been loyal to their creed and church; a devout

remnant of Lutherans hold up their banner tremblingly, but the hey-day of Luther is long done with.

We may sum up in the words of a candid English clergyman: "If the Roman Church were overthrown, Christianity would expire."

These then are the alternatives, and there is no middle way.

Remark that our problem as believers is not speculative but practical, as the solution we keep in view might even be termed Scriptural, did we dare to borrow the language, glowing with prophetic colours, of the Hebrew Testament. We are called upon to withstand the corroding power of "victorious analysis" which Goethe foresaw might shatter civilization. Thinkers who are all for speculative liberty—I name, as one conspicuous on the extreme left, Mr. Bertrand Russell—grant that science, if unrestrained, will break the social order to pieces. We, then, take our stand with the Catholic Church as the present, ever-enduring reign on earth of Jesus the Messiah, who clothes in His great attributes the deputies that rule in His name. They are guardians, not only of the Gospels but of the Apocalypse. It

is incumbent on them, while protecting the Creed, to guide the Faithful onward: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet Him."

And the very magnitude of present-day problems; the "Pecca fortiter" which we hear from so many voices, tells us what and where Catholics have to resist. "This power," said Newman, contemplating the Church Militant, "is as tremendous as the great evil which has called for it." Hear St. Paul: "Our wrestling is not with flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, and the rulers of this world of darkness; against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the high places."

The science which scorns to make peace with Religion knows not whence man comes nor whither he is going, yet refuses him the liberty to seek enlightenment,—for, wherever it can, it puts down not merely Christian schools, but the Church itself, as in Russia, Mexico, and other "Liberal" States.

But we take up the gauntlet thus flung down without waiting for easier conditions. The Roman Church is the head and front of Christianity. "It is confessed on all hands," we read in Newman's

"Development," "that from the time of Constantine the system and phenomena of worship in Christendom, from Moscow to Spain, and from Ireland to Chili, is one and the same." Moreover, man must and will have a religion, or a substitute for it. He is a living soul, not an abstract idea. Hence we feel confident of success. I proceed to instance one of the latest and boldest of such anticipations.

Three years after his funeral, a pastoral letter of the late revered Bishop of Plymouth, Dr. Keily, was read to his mourning flock. In it he declared that " a great renewal of Christianity was on its way," and "almost a compulsory return to the old Catholic Faith." He appealed to the Holy Father's vision of a coming unity of the human race—"a new Christendom." And even from the Far East, from China itself, we may expect strange things. For the people do not want any copying of Catholicism, but its "passionate reality" which means "Rome's royalty, her jurisdiction, her opinions, her opening of the treasures of mercy to a people long misled. The Catholic world is called to prayer for God's kingdom."

When I read these most moving words, I turned to Shakespeare and found their secret.

O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

Religion is no less natural to man than reasoning or feeling. He has never been without it, and the present symptoms of revolt are due to passions, where science plays the ignoble part of enabling vice to evade retribution.

"The times are very evil." I am going to set in review some of the formidable antagonists Holy Church must encounter in the approaching century. Rome is our point of vision. And the Mediterranean, thanks to the dissolution of Turkey, also to the preponderance of France in Morocco, and the Allied conquest of Palestine in Syria, no longer encircles a Turkish or Moslem lake, as (to the shame of Europe) had been its condition since 1453. Rome, the Queen of History, is facing East again.

CHAPTER IV

ZIONISM

THE fresh complications with which Pius XI was called upon to deal brought the Papacy into sight of Zionism, that curious outcome of a literary idea which we may term a Jewish Utopia. On occasion of it I would ask leave to consider the Papal attitude towards this most ancient and most modern people, who so largely determine the world's movements for good and ill.

Until September 20, 1870, the Jewish Ghetto remained in Rome, not with barred entrances, but still having full in view the Hebrew denunciation from Isaiah of Israel's perfidy. We may look upon this as the Roman East End, where the exiles of Zion felt at home because they were together. At no time had St. Peter's successor treated St. Peter's kinsfolk unkindly. Historians, including writers like Graetz

of Breslau, who did not love the Catholic system, grant that Papal Rome showed undeviating benevolence towards them. After 1870 the Jews could live in Rome where they pleased; and they captured the municipal administration. A certain Nathan who became Syndic (as we should say, Lord Mayor) thought fit to revile the Vatican in unseemly terms, but no protest followed on the part of the Romans. The Holy Father could not stoop so low; nor had Italian Catholics learned the lesson which was taught by O'Connell to Ireland. This it is which lends to Ireland's action in the coming age a strategic importance. Irish Catholics beat the Penal Laws out of existence by putting their faith into a plan of campaign, and not one only. Emancipation became the starting-point, in 1829, of National independence, achieved at last in 1922 by the Free State. What a lesson for our fellow-believers, in an epoch of accelerated motion like this! I am going to drive it home as regards the problem of the Jew which comprises that of Zionism and the Holy Land.

Lucien Wolf, an exceedingly competent Jewish writer, has traced its origin as an effort to escape

from the Anti-Semite Movement of 1879 and the following years. Until then Prince Bismarck (though as a Junker by no means a friend of Israel) had relied upon Lasker for support, together with the National Liberals who were Hebrews. They now deserted him, whereupon he took up the agitation, already strong in Austria, Germany and France, against the Jewish bourgeoisie, as a tribal attack on Christendom. To such apprehensions had the "rapid social advance of the Jews" after emancipation in 1848 given rise. Treitschke, the historian, lent his name to the movement. Herr Stocker, a Court chaplain, became its leader. For the next twenty years Central Europe was rudely shaken by the struggle between its Christian peoples and this invasion of strangers, who were commercial middlemen and ruled the money-market.

Certainly it was, and still is, a question of race; but even in the West it has told against the Catholic religion. "When the mid-century revolutions made the bourgeoisie the ruling power in Europe," says Lucien Wolf, "the semblance of a Hebrew domination presented itself."

That sentence, no less acute than candid, goes to the heart of the matter. We see its bearings in London or New York quite as clearly as did the peasant-farmer in Bavaria, whose land was mortgaged to the Semite money-lenders "without hope of redemption." Our own Jewish magnates hold power second to none in the city of London although English financiers of consummate skill abound. Religion does not plead for recognition on the Stock Exchange. There is a legend, however, about one of the French Rothschilds, who said, "A moment sometimes arrives when you must speak Hebrew on the Bourse." We may be certain his appeal would not be to the creed but to the tribe of his partner—the syndicate rather than the synagogue would be his place of refuge.

No doubt, as the Anti-Semite wave surged towards the East it caught up old beliefs lingering there yet of the Blood Accusation or Ritual Murder, and Europe was horrified with fictions which had floated down since the Middle Ages. But the real Jewish Question, admitted by Lucien Wolf, abides to this day wherever industry and commerce ply their task.

England, loyal to its doctrine of an open market, as it enriched Germany before the War, continues the tradition still. In Central Europe that might be neither fair to the natives nor altogether safe for the Jewish democrat, with his "parasitic activities in urban economics," while standing aloof from the Christian community which he exploited.

Such as this in outline was the situation with which from 1880 down to the Great War one Pontiff after another was called upon to deal. And let us bear in mind that he was only a judge in his chair, without Parliament or any executive outside bishops and clergy. He could not exact from any man a single thaler. The Christian peasant had not only his rights but his wrongs, for usury was a rampant evil; and, after all, Christendom did not belong to the Jew, neither was it created by his ancestors.

As yet the portent, hereafter to be named Bolshevism, had not come on the scene; but its dramatis personæ were already in training. For the Ghetto had produced not only the Talmudic Jew but his opposite who cast away religion, denied the God of Israel, and lived for the triumph of Democracy,

which meant that he would be master. This we have seen accomplished in Russia. Why did not the same catastrophe happen years before in Central Europe and France? How explain that difference which has at all events preserved the Catholic Faith in the West? Had no such counter-movement taken place as that which degenerated into mere Anti-Semitism it is difficult to perceive how Europe could have escaped the fate of Russia.

Leo XIII had rejected the name and idea of "Catholic Socialism." To Pius X the very sound of Anti-Semite was an offence; he would not bless a word so wanting in charity. The Popes never showed favour to stories of Ritual Murder like that of Tisza-Esslar. Amid the confusions of Republican France, weltering in the agitation which distracted it for so many years touching the guilt or innocence of the Jewish Captain Dreyfus, no syllable can be found that would implicate the Vatican. Yet we read that Dreyfus proved to be the ruin of the French Church. It was disestablished in 1905. Next year Pius X, rather than permit the local authorities to elect parish priests, renounced all endowments or

salaries hitherto payable under the Concordat. Henceforth the Church in France was free, like the Church in the United States. But the virulent atheists who ruled at the Élysée took their revenge by putting down and banishing the Religious Orders.

To return to Zionism. It was in 1895 that Theodor Hertzl, an Austrian Jew of commanding ability, took up as a practical and pressing design the idea which George Eliot had so vehemently urged in "Daniel Deronda." That gifted writer's interest in the movement was elicited by George Henry Lewes, himself of Hebrew provenance.

The summons awakened everywhere among these exiles of Zion admiration, and hope in not a few. But years slipped away, Hertzl died, the World-War broke out. Jewish finance was a great power, even more so than in 1815 when Rothschild the First won his Waterloo.

A certain Doctor Weizmann of Manchester had proposed in 1914 to British statesmen—Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George—that England should secure a national home for the Jews in Palestine. Three years later America joined the Allies; our soldiers

were conquering in the Holy Land; it would seem expedient to bring over the Jews as a nation to our side. Accordingly, on November 2, 1917, Mr. Balfour pledged the Government in a letter to Lord Rothschild, as above, "without prejudice to the rights of existing non-Jewish communities."

All this happened over ten years ago. The Zionists came, bought land in the open market, doubled their numbers and the area they occupied and undertook the industrial development of Palestine. Professor Geddes founded the Jewish University of Zion, open to all. The Arabs were still ten to one, not drawn by Hebrew culture, and resenting what appeared to them its intrusion. Moreover, it is alleged that "the atheist or agnostic Jew preponderates among those who are returning," and he is a disciple rather of Karl Marx than of Moses. How deplorable an end would this be to Zionism compared with its aspirations during the long exile of the past! Now, it would appear, a sort of Bolshevism threatens the Holy Places. At any rate the Arabs live in fear lest their Mosque of Omar should be cleared off the site of Solomon's Temple. And Pius XI has been

in great anxiety because of the peril to our "settlements" at Bethlehem and Nazareth, which are unprotected and without resources. The Holy Father made appeal for a safeguard to the League of Nations, but hitherto in vain.

These things, I might almost say, are a parable, in which the modern Jew is Dives and the Catholic Lazarus. The Holy Father cannot rely on a single one of the Great Powers to speak on his behalf. To his own people he must look for help; and this as yet they scarcely understand. We are in dire want of new Crusaders, men and women, who will do for our shrines in the Holy Land the service that monks and nuns do at home for hospitals and other places of refuge. Our wealthy folk, of whom we have some, must learn from America how to be generous on a large scale and for schemes not previously attempted. The Protestant is multiplying Schools in the land of the Bible. We can greatly increase our settlements, organize constant pilgrimages, and celebrate the Eucharistic Congress on the very site of the Last Supper.

That would be the Catholic Zionism; and St. Francis of Assisi, who has been at home in Palestine all through the Turkish usurpation, should be entrusted with its privileges.

PART II

"GO FORTH——"

PROLOGUE

CIVILIZATION: A RETROSPECT

WHEN Gibbon undertook, not without inspiration from a well-known work of Montesquieu, to write his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," he was more intent on painting a vast and striking historical picture than eager to compose a philosophy which might explain it. The picture we possess, brilliant still in all its rich colours, but we must look elsewhere if we would ascertain the reason why Rome in seven centuries came to be Queen of the World, and after five more sank into a heap of ruins amid Barbarian invasions. Gibbon's own account of the Decline is as brief as inadequate. "It was scarcely possible," he tells us, "that the eyes of contemporaries should discover in the public felicity the latent causes of decay and corruption. This long peace, and the uniform government of the Romans introduced a

slow and secret poison into the vitals of the Empire. The minds of men were reduced to the same level, the fire of genius was extinguished, and even the military spirit evaporated." In another passage he remarks that "the decline of Rome was the natural and inevitable effect of greatness," it fell by its own weight; and instead of asking why it was destroyed, we should rather be surprised that it had lasted so long. He faintly apprehends a law of change, with some reference to the "sage historian" Polybius, but of its essence and movement he can furnish no scheme.

Men do not now study the past for contemplation, but in the spirit of induction, and, so far as may be, of forecast. They would fain assimilate history to science, by which they understand not so much the pure idea of a thing as its working formula. But comparison is the Mother of Knowledge; and in the eighteenth century no second instance was available, whence light could be thrown upon the course of Roman civilization, itself a vulgar edition, so to call it, of Greek thought adapted to East and West, or to the Mediterranean countries. One single road of

law, culture, and association—the Pax Romana—united these nations. From the first Olympiad, 776 B.C., to the Fall of Constantinople, A.D. 1453, we follow a luminous track on either side of which lay the darkness visible of Barbarism. Even the Christian Church rested on the classic basis of learning and art, of literature, administration, jurisprudence. The Spanish Arabs owed all their mediæval culture to the same system. And what was the Renaissance at which, to quote Gibbon once more, "freedom became the happy parent of taste and science," but antiquity revived? To this period we ourselves belong. Europeans have never known a different type of civilization until the other day when spade and pickaxe laid bare the hidden underworld of Babylonia, Egypt and the Ægean cities, with Crete as a meeting-place from which to look out on the manifold perspective of history. The classical type is no longer unique. We can measure and judge it by others of such vast duration that its years shrink almost into an episode, while in a certain degree the causes which explain some of its vicissitudes are made clear to us.

Professor Flinders Petrie, whose guidance I am here following, holds among seekers into this more recondite history a very high rank. He is a pioneer and an expert in all that has been discovered of the past of Egypt, but he is likewise a thoughtful critic of present-day phenomena, which he views from the Mount of Vision lifted beyond parties and politics by studies so independent. The conclusion at which he arrives is, in absolute formula, this: that what we term civilization falls under a law of recurrence; it is intermittent and therefore has definite phases, coming and going like the Seasons, in a Great Year, the length of which is partly ascertainable. Civilization has its periods, and these by the comparative method we can now arrange on a plan, the points of resemblance being so manifest, even at this early stage, to Mr. H. Spencer's principle (applied by him to social units of every kind), according to which energy is concentrated and dissipated through phases, themselves obedient to an internal law. There is an Arch of Life ascending and descending, not only for the individual but for the aggregate of which he is a member. History, then, proceeds by a rhyth-

mical movement, and the intervals known as Barbarism may be expected to occur between returning periods of a higher type. Such is Professor Petrie's contention, founded on a comparative view which takes in Crete, Egypt, and Europe, as terms of likeness and inference.

I make no doubt that our author would be willing to declare with Sir Thomas Browne, "we crave exceeding pardon in the audacity of the attempt, humbly acknowledging a work of such concernment unto truth, and of difficulty in itself, as did well deserve the conjunction of many heads." But where are the heads to be found? At all events, we have gained not a little by mere tabulation of periods and their lines of production, side by side.

Taking another small volume in the same series, "Crete the Forerunner of Greece," by C. H. and H. B. Hawes, we feel qualified to pursue, with such excellent guides, an enquiry, than which none can be more momentous, into the true significance of social life, how it rises towards a perfect state, and why it comes to an end. With human origins at present the investigation is not concerned. How far

down "in the dark backward and abysm of time" our kind may be visible, this explorer leaves undecided. Professor Ray Lankester is free to maintain that implements found below the Suffolk Clay disclose men of the Pliocene Era, half a million of years ago. More moderate and more extreme reckonings have been drawn up in connection with Glacial Periods, during and before which the race appears to have existed. But Professor Petrie takes for granted men of the Old Stone Age, whose achievements cannot be dealt with consecutively. In Egypt he notes eight distinct types of civilization, the first of which is prehistoric; but already it supposes a long experience, indefinite though fruitful, in the training of our ancestors. They had invented speech, found out the use of fire, made bows and arrows, tamed some domestic animals, arrived at the idea of ornament. The great conquests of mind over matter, involving all that has been attempted since by the "daring race of Iapetus" were obscure when fire and vocal speech became subdued to a deliberate purpose. We might go further still and, as an argument to the mere scientific intellect, affirm that whenever the

so-called Cave-men had arrived at the ideas of God, the Soul, and Immortality (which require no material aids for their sustenance), civilization was bound to be shaped by those high thoughts, even where the arts of life lagged behind.

What proportion the antecedent times of Barbarism hold to these periods of culture, it is impossible to say. All recent archæologists lengthen out the Old Stone Age enormously, using somewhat rude and perhaps deceptive calculations from the observed normal growth of drift and deposit. Even as regards the historical eras, when we get back towards the year 2000 B.C. and into more distant millennia, there is by no means perfect agreement. In any case, learning has decided on a far larger sweep than Ussher's too modest computation of the Hebrew chronology.

Professor Petrie keeps close to the native Egyptian figures, while our Cretan guides follow the "school of Berlin," which reduces them by two thousand years in the earliest dynasties. Of continuous history the Professor would give seven thousand years and more (from about 5500 B.C.). We may add

three thousand for his two prehistoric periods, bringing the whole curiously near to Dr. Evans' estimate, which reckons ten thousand from the first Neolithic settlement at Knossos in Crete. Thus we attain to the "Great Year" during which civilization arose about the Mediterranean orbit, having its seasons of perfection and decline until it perish off the face of the earth, or survive only in its records and ruins, as Babylonish, Egyptian, Carthaginian, Etruscan, have done in very unequal measures.

The Great Year is familiar to us from Virgil as a recurring cycle; celebrated in his fourth Eclogue:

> Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas,
> Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
> Jam redit et Virgo; redeunt Saturnia regna;
> Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.

That was a Platonic, and, it appears also, an Etruscan idea, to be fulfilled when the heavenly bodies returned to the same position which they occupied at the World's beginning. Here the cycle has no astronomic, and much less an astrologic tendency. He, Professor Petrie, arrives at his "myriad" of years which make it up by observation and that in

no sense recondite. His most convenient test or standard is the art of building, or architecture and its related branches. Not as if sculpture in the widest significance were of greater value to mankind than laws, literature, and religion. But its remains will help us where these are not available; monuments outlast and precede documents; and the research that begins with funeral pots and pottery can appeal, not to the mere catalogue of things recorded, but to the things themselves.

Moreover, they admit of earlier comparison than large mental phenomena, to which they may serve as an introduction. Our essay prescinds from any view of morals and religion, for by such terms we designate vast systems of effects, and the enquiry is travelling back to simple causes, such as climate, race, migration, means of subsistence. Hence it leaves out Revelation. We must be satisfied with a preliminary sketch in matters of such complexity, thankful when a single step forward is securely taken. The subjects in which our book finally attempts a judgment are sculpture, painting, literature, music, mechanics, science, and wealth. From the progress

and relations of these diverse activities a scheme of civilization may be delineated which appears to justify the law of regular movements.

Let us consider Egypt in its remains, beginning with Neolithic man. From this era, perhaps one hundred centuries ago, we may pursue the stages of its civilization, with breaks between of varying length, down to A.D. 1500, not taking into account the most modern period, of which a word later. The first prehistoric age exhibits (in addition to simple unadorned pottery) painted cups and vases, red surfaces with white slip patterns, "a clear independent design" traceable through pure ornament to its decay in "unintelligent copying." The second age, likewise before history, shows degradation in all its products, including the forms of slate palettes and flints. But the distinctive art of Egypt begins a little earlier than the First Dynasty (the Third Period); and while it rapidly develops writing from the ideographic rudiments, it gives rise to bold natural sculpture, archaic in its primary attempts but full of promise. The swift rise, consequent freedom, and long decay of art, illustrated in royal tombs and gen-

eral products, cover the first three dynasties, the highest point being reached perhaps about 5400 B.C., and the whole period lasting well over one thousand years. Then comes the great age of the Pyramid Builders (the Fourth Period), only a short interval of 130 years dividing the worst sculptures of Neterket from the perfect art which we can admire in our museums and in its Nilotic home. Three dynasties beheld it flourish and decline, until the amazing Pyramids were replaced by heaps of rubble, the art of engraving inscriptions had been nearly lost and the hieroglyphic signs were half forgotten.

But when the Twelfth Dynasty rules a new and beautified art of refined detail advances to perfection and occupies more than one hundred years. It decays until the Fourteenth Dynasty, when the Hyksos invade Egypt, chaos follows, and the Barbarians triumph. We may reckon the Fifth Period as beginning somewhere about 4000 B.C., while it lasted, including the time of foreign domination, about fourteen centuries. The Sixth is best known, owing to the profusion of remains, especially at Thebes. It corresponds to the Fifteenth and Twentieth Dy-

nasties; exhibits a delicate style, richness of material, and variety of colour; but ends in the revolution at once religious and literary, associated with Akhenaten, which we have come to know from the discoveries at Tell el-Amarna.

The revolution failed, reaction set in, and a continuous decay, abounding in romance and emotion at the expense of character, leads on to the rude commonplace which under Rameses II and his successors became the prevailing type.

Thus we reach the Seventh Period, dating from 1200 and moving down to the Greek or Classic centuries, in which the native Egyptian art expired. Roman influences could never be to it of a salutary effect; an imitative and exotic style lingered on till the Empire, falling to pieces, was divided between Byzantine Greeks, Northern Barbarians, and Saracens from the desert. In 641 Egypt was subdued by the sword of Islam. The Eighth Period is Coptic and Mohammedan. With his "straight lines and mechanical curves" the Copt anticipates Arab designs in geometry from which the human figure is absent. Early Moslem work bears a remarkable affinity in

mass and ornament to that we call Norman; both flourished at the same dates. The fortifications of Cairo and the Tower of London suggest a like inspiration. In both styles the decorative follows, and about 1480 the Egyptian "pendentive" set over against the English Perpendicular, cannot fail to convince artists that debasement of a similar idea has in either of these examples reached its term.

Yet our Norman Gothic did not spring up in Egypt. If we would track it to its origin, we must make a fresh start. Until of late this could not be done; now it seems largely accomplished, thanks to Schliemann's "obstinate questionings" of Troy and Mykenæ with his victorious spade. Those who (like the present writer) saw his Trojan finds exhibited in London, and his later treasures from Tiryns and the Argive Tombs securely housed in the Museum at Athens, will be grateful to the Providence which has allowed them to witness the splendid Fifth Act of this drama, the scene of which is that "Gnosia tellus," the beautiful Isle of Crete.

We, too, though Barbarians from the remote West, may claim as our birthright the wonderful civiliza-

tion that wrought for the future while it was building, painting and adorning the palaces of Knossos, Phæstos, and Gournia, inventing the plan of the labyrinth, dictating laws by the dynasty of Minos, covering the Mediterranean with its fleets, and designing the art known long afterwards as purely classic. These revelations, which stand visible in their objects like great *tableaux vivants,* touch us more nearly than aught which the land of the Nile has to show. Here is our mother country as civilized Europeans.

Our religion we derive from another source; but our culture, hitherto supposed to be Hellenic, though it must ever come to us from Athens, its university, was Cretan first, according to the legends long discredited and now at last proved true. We read with a smile in the Classical Dictionaries of our youth how "the cycle of myths connected with Minos and his family threw a splendour over Crete to which its estrangement from the rest of Greece during the historic period presents a great contrast." The "lying Cretans" boasted not only of the birthplace but of the tomb of Zeus; and the Dorians "made Crete the

headquarters of the worship of Apollo." But neither Zeus nor Apollo has been discovered among the divinities of the Island. History must be re-written, legend corrected by the monuments. We have learned by cumulative and multiplying evidences that Crete and not Hellas deserves to be named the torch-bearer of the Western world.

Archæology does not yet go so far back in Cretan as it has done in Egyptian research. "The remains," says Dr. Petrie, "parallel to the first three periods in Egypt, still lie in the 21 feet of Neolithic ruins at Knossos"; a depth greater than that which hid from us so many generations, the remnants of the Early, the Middle, and the Late Cretan Ages. Twelve thousand years have been thought no more than sufficient to account for the whole growth. However, the Fourth Period, as described above in Egypt, was contemporary in both regions. The Island style is primitive; it shows the beginnings of the "spiral pattern," specimens of which have been found in the Cyclades. Large differences of opinion exist still on the subject of chronology between experts. We cannot argue from any one system; but more im-

portant are the tokens, not depending on systems, which indicate that the phases of these two civilizations were, if not contemporaneous, at least closely connected. The presence of Cretan pottery in Egyptian remains will serve to this end, be the actual dates what they may.

There is no doubt again as touching the sequence of Cretan progress from the Neolithic to the Bronze Age, and thence to the use of iron weapons. Thus, if we take the three great eras of "Minoan" Crete, parallel to the Sixth, Twelfth, and Eighteenth Egyptian Dynasties, it is certain that they followed in this order; that from one thousand to twelve hundred years lay between them; and that all their glory was faded before the Homeric times, in any case not lasting over the twelfth century B.C. This age of bronze represents to Professor Petrie the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Periods of his arrangements. Brilliant polychrome painting, broad designs of noble curves, steady growth of naturalism from earlier attempts at figures, and a dignified architecture shown especially in the magnificent palace of Knossos, introduce the splendours of a brief yet astonish-

ing era, the rival, if not the superior, of the Classical Age. In the art of figure painting, in decorated patterns wrought upon clay, bronze or gold, in stately court life as picturesque in fresco and relief, in the thousands of tablets which testify to the common use of a linear writing, probably syllabic, and in the widespread remains of beautiful objects, we are brought face to face with a world of culture and commerce, of civilized peace and human advancement surprisingly original.

It may be that the "Golden Age" of Crete did not last more than half a century out of the two thousand years dedicated to the use of bronze. Destruction came once and again, at an interval of perhaps five hundred years, on the royal residence at Knossos; and finally there swept over the Island that Dorian wave which buried all in subterranean depths.

But the civilization of Crete had existed. Its effects were yet to be seen on the Hellenic mainland, round about the Ægean; its memories and its influence lingered in Greek art, and were not wholly obliterated in the Greek poets and historians. The Brazen Age, described by Hesiod, corresponds to the

third Late Minoan epoch. Herodotus, Thucydides and Aristotle recount, with variations, the legends of Minos which imply that Cretan sea-power once ruled in Ægean waters. The Knossian palace and the emblem of the "double axe" led to strange stories concerning the Labyrinth, connecting Athens with Crete by the adventures of Theseus and a yearly festival. But to Homer and his Achæans the island was already a place of myths. Hellas took the leadership which Minoan rulers could not longer wield. In the history of civilization its dazzling pages were covered with the mould of thirty centuries, waiting until scholars from three distant nations should bring them to light.

To pursue our theme; we observe at short intervals of a hundred years or less the same phases of growth and decline. And in support of our inference, let us pass on from the Late Cretan or Sixth Period to the Seventh, which we know as Classical, Greco-Roman, and hence to the Eighth or Mediæval, ending before the Renaissance.

In each of these great curves the art of sculpture and styles of architecture follow a line of ascent

from the rude archaism which betrays a strong vital impulse, fresh and creative, to perfect skill of technique and freedom of expression, after which they droop to mere copying, vulgarity, and coarseness without vigour. From the metopes of Selinus early sixth century B.C. to the statues of maidens on the Acropolis, we perceive the advance, and later yet, as in the stele of Hegeso, with which many funeral monuments may be compared. The standard falls, say after Praxiteles, among the Greeks, little by little. Rome copies and degrades the lower types. On the Arch of Constantine we seem to be looking at a barbaric reminiscence of some unattainable idea; it is the death of art, perhaps when a cycle of a thousand years was complete. When the Northern tribes come down a new cycle begins. Until Charles the Great all is decay and confusion, but the impulse has been given; by the eleventh century architecture revives in Lombard and Norman buildings, the archaic bronze gates of San Zeno at Verona display what an untutored but powerful imagination can achieve in metal as the years go on. The height is reached about the middle of the thirteenth century in churches of

perfect beauty, in sculpture, brasses and varied ornament. Our text gives by way of example the figure called "Ecclesia" at Bamberg and the head of the German Emperor Henry VI, with tombs from Fontevrault and Westminster of English Queens, A.D. 1190, 1290, 1415. By the latter date all over Europe decline was making itself felt. It has long been recognized that the birth year of Dante (1264) indicates the high-water mark of mediæval civiliza tion as already past. No recovery was possible during the next two hundred years; and when the change came it did not spur genius to return to the great Gothic ages, but overleaped them at a bound and went back to antiquity. The inspiration which created Mediæval Art and controlled its intellect was dead.

On this inductive foundation Professor Petrie builds up a theory of length, coincidences and relative values in art which characterize the eight periods, with a view to determining their general causes. He finds on the system of dates adopted that in six ascertained phases Egypt may have preceded Europe by a century or less—in other words, the two orbits nearly coincide.

These phenomena cannot be due to chance. Assuming the same figures, it would appear that the average duration of a "Period" is 1,330 years, the shortest being about half that amount, and the longest half as much again. That any such era may be violently interrupted we learn from catastrophes like the conquest of Egypt by the Hyksos and the permanent "barbarizing" of regions bordering on the Euphrates which Mohammedan writers truly ascribe to the Mongol devastations of the thirteenth century. But, allowing for the incalculable as we must, it is worth while to apply this method by which, fixing on the point where archaism of design and execution passes into freedom of handling, we pursue civilized effort on its downward course until it ends in lifeless routine. The facts are often beyond controversy; and the moral for these times will bear much dwelling upon.

As regards the "scale of values" hereby adopted and made a standard, there would be infinite things to say in its praise. If it has any foundation outside our dreams, it gives the lie direct to heresies which not long ago were the reigning fashion. We should

judge the rise and fall of architecture, nay of art in general, by the predominance of character over emotion or the reverse. Now character means self-control; it demands that feeling however specious and exquisite shall be subject to the Ideals of Reason; and what is all this but morality? In estimating the products of genius, not less national because the artist is individual, we keep this judgment of ethics always in view. Contemplate the friezes of the Parthenon, and by their side Hellenic sculpture in all its manifestations from 450 B.C. till after the Fall of Athens. It is, without question, the highest ever achieved by man; but how singularly free from passion! How refined and often how severe! Very little below it stands the best work of the Middle Ages, illustrated in portraiture, in symbolic figures, in the treatment of drapery, and in different forms of relief, to add no syllable on the perfect symmetries of Salisbury and Amiens, or the glories of Strasburg. We find the Cretan art, in its palmy days, bold and pure, untainted by the suggestive decadence which came in later upon the whole Greek and Roman styles. In Egypt the Fourth Period, which saw the

rise of the Pyramids, has ever amazed men by its accurate and free manipulation of such mighty masses; but when we look upon the sublimity of the human portraits it has left us we cannot escape the reflection that some atmosphere of lofty and tranquil thought must have brooded over these creations.

They, too, are classic in their mingling of sense and the ideal; they express more than they display, fraught with a significance which cannot be exhausted, for it holds of the source whence all beauty and life are drawn.

Periods like this remind us of the poet's verse; they tell us of "heights which the soul is competent to gain," but where it seems unable long to abide. Reaction is the penalty of breathing an air so fine and delicate. The Golden Age never lasts. Fifty years or a little more, and it becomes a reminiscence. A most familiar instance may be studied in Italian painting, as it moves on from Leonardo da Vinci, or from Michael Angelo when he wrought in a noble tradition, to the disciples of a consummate Raffaelle, and thence to the Caracci and their school in which it loses the last shreds and tatters of the moral

sense formerly conspicuous in the great Lombards and Florentines. To the ideal succeeds the voluptuous, the grotesque, and to the grotesque the drawing master's conventional. The human element sinks lower and lower until the crest of the wave becomes the hollow and art is made an amusement or an accomplishment from which all serious meaning has been cast out.

If the ethical standard thus determines how we shall appraise the things done in painting and architecture, as humanly perfect or defective, it will surely be no less applicable to the related energies in civilized society. Omitting religion for the moment, let us enquire in what order these are developed, taking the principal to be literature, music, mechanics, science, and wealth. Suppose we view our Eighth or Mediæval-modern period, the last six centuries, known to us more intimately than the Classical and far better than the Egyptian. It has been said that works in stone, bronze, and other achievements of sculpture came to their height of freedom about 1240 in Central Europe, as distinct from the Mediterranean circle. Painting is archaic with Giotto down

to 1330; the movement which at last brings liberty of handling becomes general after 1450. In literature (a vast subject with many chapters) we may only refer to English prose, and name the year 1600 as its turning-point, when poetry was creating its own unsurpassable trophies. Music remains fettered even in the earlier days of Haydn, one hundred and fifty years after Shakespearian England had rivalled the Greeks in drama; with Beethoven the miracle is manifest, but we have come to the nineteenth century. What of mechanics, science, and wealth? In a general way the order of evolution cannot be denied; all three have grown as never before in the last century—the Age of Mechanism; but we may rely upon it that they will go forward with ever-quickening speed, climbing to crests undreamt of now, in elements as yet dimly discerned, and by means of combined powers at present beyond our control.

It is obviously more difficult to ascertain the successive developments of these forces in periods receding from our own. The Seventh (Classical) nevertheless affords a pretty well established series

from sculpture in 450 B.C. to the closely allied movements of mechanics, science and wealth between the age of Augustus and that of the Antonines completed. The Sixth Period in Egypt appears to have gone through this gamut of civilization between 1550 and 1180 B.C. Much scantier data, but always pointing in the same direction for "the waves of time," separate us from Neolithic man, and will perhaps lead to the given conclusion, viz. that "the order of development in the successive phases of each period is usually the same, though the intervals lengthened in the later ages." On very abstract a priori grounds, if Reason is man's distinguishing character, this inference would appear to be highly probable.

The phase, however, depends on both factors, place and people. The Greeks who followed Alexander kept in a large degree their native habits of thought, although somewhat demoralized by contact with Orientals. When the Spaniards conquered Mexico and Peru they imported not only their religion among the Indian tribes, but their arts and learning. The New England Colonies did not fall to the level of the Red Indians around them; and it

is the boast of America, justified by many instances, that civilization across the Atlantic started on a higher course by its inheritance of English principles, which went with the first emigrants into those wilds. What do Australians mean by the "Yellow Peril," except their fear that, if Eastern Asiatics were freely admitted, they would transplant the ideas and practices of Japan or China into Victoria and Queensland? There is going on, indeed, a fierce economic struggle for markets all over the world; but its real significance turns upon the ideals of civilization which are in conflict; and of these the standards are borne by nations whose innermost spirit they reveal. The phase, I repeat, is inherent in the people; it is not due simply to the place they occupy or to climate, food, circumstances, as the school maintained which, not many years ago, resolved history into environment.

The deepest, because the most intimate, force in any man is that individual nature which comes to him from his ancestors. But now let us enquire who may be these ancestors of a given people? Variations, says Darwin, arise we know not how; yet,

in general, we must assume that they are effects consequent on differences in the whole pedigree from which offspring descends. While, then, admitting that changes of climate, famines or abundance, health and disease, wars and disasters of every kind, have their due effect on civilization, the main cause in this philosophy is the intermingling of races. From variations thus produced the new impulses arise, the mental faculties are given fresh power and motive, that stir them to creative efforts.

Whenever past experience is the record of culture it bears witness to the invasion of some foreign stock. Centuries may be required for the strangers to be fused into one common people with the natives; but when that has been accomplished, a new era of activities will begin. To speak in terms of biology, another species has been evolved with its own vision of reality, ambitions, and appetites.

Consider, for example, the striking sentence with which our Cretan volume ends. "In classical Greece," the writer affirms, "we see the results of mingling two unusually gifted races, one autochthonous, the other immigrant—the former contributing the tradi-

tion and technical skill of a highly advanced native civilization, especially rich in art; the latter its heritage of Aryan institutions, power of co-ordination, and an all-conquering language."

Take, again, the Mediæval Period. It is impossible to account for so richly original a development of new activities, on the basis furnished by Roman Decadence, without recognizing the vigour of those "Barbarians" who settled among the peoples of Latin stock, and in course of time produced our modern nations. Every several literature bears evidence to the same conclusion. The mixture of Gauls and Franks is not more perceptible in the physical traits of Frenchmen than it is in their prose and verse, their wars, revolutions, government, and social habits. The English world, from whatever side we come upon it, is a scene of compromise, due to the profound and highly complex interfusion of races that has been taking place for at least fifteen hundred years. The late emergence of Prussia from barbarism, and its furious efforts of advance towards supremacy, cannot be well apprehended unless we take into account the slowly forming unity of a type

hitherto non-existent, arising out of Old German, Slav, Scandinavian, and Low Dutch elements. For the Prussian is by no means the German of the Middle Ages; he is the product of six hundred years more and of tribes never touched by mediæval forces. On reasoning equally cogent we anticipate in America phases of culture not indigenous to Europe, though derivable from its ideas, parallel to the stages that we have traversed while perhaps resembling them as little as our own resembled the Greek. We may be waiting yet until the "fourth idea," bearing analogy to the fourth dimension in space, comes by this unprecedented amalgam of races over a whole continent to its living and practical manifestation.

At present it is almost a rule of good manners to associate the next appearance of a millennial period with democracy. That, as all men will admit, is the American problem, but how it may be resolved is not so clear.

Forms of government correspond of necessity to the various stages of intermixture among races. When it is beginning, by conquest and armed immigration, the absolute chief, Alaric or Clovis or

Charles the Great, is demanded and must be forthcoming. After it has reached a certain degree, the feudal system, or an oligarchy in some shape, is indispensable.

In the third epoch of a pretty uniform diffusion by which these elements have been assimilated, the instinct of democracy awakens. For so long as the races are visibly distinct, and while rank signifies noble birth—"gentle" blood in contrast to "plebeian" —the ruling-authority will be a closed senate, "a Venetian oligarchy," or "great families." Their absorption in the people or their extinction brings a claim for equal treatment of citizens before the law. This change, says Professor Petrie in a notable observation, begins about the great phase of literature, and he instances Greece (that is, Athens), Rome, and Modern Europe. Then—we had better quote his very words—"when democracy has attained full power, the majority without capital necessarily eat up the capital of the minority, and the civilization steadily decays until the inferior population is swept away to make room for a fitter people." He concludes with astonishing calmness: "Such is the regu-

lar connection of the force of government," and "the maximum of wealth must inevitably lead to the downfall."

This searching "economic interpretation of history," as another writer calls it, takes no account of religion. And we shall not venture in this chapter to open the question how far belief in the supernatural bears on these alleged phases or periods, whether to hasten or to retard them. We can, however, draw the student's attention to a remarkable series of facts, deduced from an ethical standard. We perceive that the periods of years during which decline is arrested may be lengthened indefinitely; and that such hopeful continuance itself tends to increase from the more primitive to the present era. Now, if we combine the instinct yearning after perfection with the law of permanence, we obtain a result which religion, more than any other force known to mankind, is calculated to strengthen. The ethical sublimity and severe self-control without which supremely good work can never be done, are in their essence akin to religion, and may become identical with it.

Coleridge, lecturing on Shakespeare, has upheld in impressive language "the close and reciprocal connection of just taste with pure morality." Of Ruskin it is not too much to say that his whole criticism of art, in every one of its branches, makes appeal to the conscience as judge between best and worst, between truth and caricature.

When we come to the more human subjects handled in literature, still the question of inspired work is a question for that high tribunal. And even in applied mechanics, as in the acquisition and distribution of wealth, when did a nation forget the laws of conduct without suffering the nemesis which we term Revolution?

It cannot, therefore, be denied that sound religion tends to preserve civilized order, to arrest its decay, and to add to its permanence by cultivating the spirit and the principles which brought it into existence. The fusion of races under an ideal of Humanity is the very scope and prophetic burden of the Hebrew Testament. Hence our creed as Christians proclaims an Apocalypse or second coming of Christ.

A new prospect opens here to glorious horizons;

but we will be content to have reached it: the ways of our discovery lie before us.

We begin at the beginning with a statement of Catholic teaching on the subject of Population and Birth-Control.

CHAPTER I

MARX AND MALTHUS, OR CAPITAL, LABOUR, AND BIRTH-CONTROL

MARX was a modern Jew, the father of Bolshevism, and Malthus a clergyman of the Church of England; but on this platform, where the human denominator was to be lessened that the economic numerator it shall enjoy might be increased, they meet. Antagonists of Catholic principles they both appear to be in history, Marx undoubtedly was so; but "Malthusian" denotes rather a system than a person, and so I shall employ it. The two books "Das Capital" and "On the Principle of Population" may lie side by side.

It was long a fixed belief in the Reformed Churches that prosperity attended on their steps but had forsaken the Papal superstition. Protestant travellers pointed to the decline of Italy and Spain, while Macaulay was never tired of contrasting the

sloth and wretchedness of Irish Catholics with his Scotch kinsfolk's vigour, comfort and civilization in Presbyterian Ulster. That another account of the difference might be given, as later on in Mrs. Stopford Green's "Unmaking of Ireland," to him was not conceivable. The industrial era, starting, let us say, from about 1720, and enjoying the advantages of coal, iron, machinery and no competitor, did indeed make England wealthy, but gave rise to the Labour problem which in a threatening form is with us to-day.

No fear of Malthus appears to have limited population, except in France, during some three-quarters of the nineteenth century. Increase fostered by industry and accompanied by emigration went on normally, though some advocates of the proletarians counselled them to adopt preventive checks, and among such was to be found the austere John Stuart Mill. But America, New Zealand, Australia were still wanting populations which would thus in fresh countries escape the slavery of the industrial wage-system. Real property, and not a bare sustenance from day to day, rewarded the emigrant. But all this

depended on private enterprise; nor did any modern State renew the classic institution celebrated as the "ver sacrum." Ireland lost over three millions of her people in three years—one-third certainly by sheer famine; the rest fled across the Atlantic or Irish Sea while Government looked on, in obedience, it was thought, to Adam Smith. But from about 1875 Birth-Control won large approval as a principle and a practice in England.

It is the creation of this proletariat, which had neither land nor house of its own, nothing but what it could do with hands, feet and brain, which constituted the Social Question as Marx viewed it. Worse, indeed, it was than slavery; for the slave had a market value, and must be fed; but no one was compelled to hire the free labourer, the demand for whom varied with the fluctuations in profitable business. In England he could claim a lodging in the facetiously named "workhouse," and sometimes out-of-door relief. But in crude actual fact during the greater part of the nineteenth century millions of the English, as of the Germans, Poles and French, both men and women, were homeless proletarians,

who had no more right to the land of their nativity than had the bird flying over it. Even to our own time, still so far distant from ideal economic justice, this will seem fabulous; but Marx beheld its triumph, and he resolved on turning the system upside-down. He declared that LABOUR alone gave a market-value to any commodity whatsoever. All capital was its creation. The East End made the West End, humbly retiring to squalor, disease and early death, when it had bestowed this Garden of Eden on its masters. "Surplus value" is one of the most telling formulas ever launched in the cause of Revolution. To Labour it gave not only a warrant, but a programme which appeared self-evident as soon as spoken. Marx brought it within apprehension of the humblest when he estimated effort by time, without regard to the quality of the achievement. Not only was Capitalism to be expropriated, but the Intelligentsia, so frequently its ally, would have to become merely an instrument of Labour and live on a pittance. We may verify this degradation of mind and genius under the Bolshevik régime,—as it had been visible during the austerely

"virtuous" era of Jack Cade and Robespierre. The religion adopted by Marx was frank atheism; but a kind of civic liturgy has grown up with initiative rites, hymns, and the Red Flag. More noise, perhaps, than social effect! But a great and growing evil is the undoubted spread of belief in Communism among the working class all over the West, by no means excluding England.

"Share and share alike" is the practical inference from "Surplus value" measured by time, not by skill in design or special difficulty of production. It has even a false air of reviving the early Christian practice we find on record in the Acts of the Apostles; but *that* came by free choice, and this would be compulsory. Nature, indeed, and all past experience, prove that mental and moral inequalities make such uniform distribution of economic resources for ever impossible. Marx was appealing to Labour as if it needed no motive except bare subsistence; but he knew well that values depend on desires, and these again upon our ideas of the desirable. He regarded Labour as deserving to own all things because it made them; but Labour is merely the instrument of

the idea which guides it, and the prime agent is the mind. A machine can neither make nor move itself.

Consider a British man-of-war ready to be launched at Southampton. It is the result of several years' labour, gigantic efforts of machinery and mechanics, all according to plan; and that was itself a system of ideas in the mind which did none of the labour, but guided it all along to this magnificent consummation.

Of course; but the crowd, to which science is incomprehensible, will imagine that the surplus-value realized was due simply to manual labour, and the designer is overlooked. It was even said, during the French Revolution, "the Republic has no need of scientific men"; yet subtract Carnot's science, and Napoleon would never have won a victory.

Marx did, then, war against all ideas of Religion, Metaphysics, and absolute Ethics. He was a Positivist, without hope beyond the tomb. We can sympathize with his indignation at the social misery created by a pitiless industrial system which, on the pretext of an open labour market, sacrificed generations to the Moloch of Gain. But he took away

the one consolation left. For man does not live by bread alone. The evolution of industry must be made subject to the Gospel. Is that a hard saying? Yet we have encouragement from what the Catholic Church has done and is doing, a witness of centuries.

With one single idea, that of surplus-value, Marx undertook (in how few days of composition) to remedy the social and economic disorders of society. Our Catholic method has been different. The Church deals, in this as in other cases, with opposites, *e.g.* with marriage and celibacy, with science and mysticism, with war and non-resistance. Yet her teaching, though distinct on both problems, is not contradictory. We recognize in the New Testament land-owners, wage-earners, a form of free-will Communism, and even slave-owning Christians. None are sent away, but usury is forbidden, and all the faithful are brethren. A later period shows us the outline of monastic institutions with corporate rights but individual poverty, while solitary monks owned nothing except their scanty raiment. St. Paul speaks of himself, a tent-maker who earned his living, as "having nothing, but possessing all things."

To be poor in imitation of Christ is an eminent Catholic virtue; but great Saints have dedicated riches to good works while holding them.

How much more certainly does the Catholic Doctrine make for progress than to overturn society because we hold a view about surplus-value! Thanks to the Roman wisdom, "cette belle autorité raisonable," said Renan admiringly—mediæval Europe was united and civilized. But Marx, by his delusive economics, his atheism, and appeal to anarchists all the world over, has raised up this appalling spectre of Bolshevism, split Europe asunder, and planted in it the seeds of a Social War.

Nevertheless, when we look back on the half-century which we may reckon from the appearance of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" in 1882, we cannot fail to perceive that the stars in their courses fought against the creed of "laissez-faire," with its unpitying open-market, and "cash-nexus the bond of society." The houseless, homeless proletarians were getting votes; Irish tenant-farmers became land-owners, the "bitter cry of outcast London" was heard. By the year 1891 Kaiser Wilhelm

had taken up the cause for his own benefit; the Fabians and other popular movements were moulding opinion in Trade Unions; Oxford and Cambridge scholars went to live at the East End. Thus began for our people an effort of reconcilement, although strikes and lock-outs betrayed the still deep-seated antagonism which divided masters and men. But the Great War had a decisive effect. All classes fought, suffered, and won heroically, men and women alike.

A nation which becomes an army demands equal treatment. Survivors from the front were not paupers but honourable pensioners. In some countries the returning soldiers led revolutions. In Britain they were quietly absorbed. But schemes of pensions for widows and orphans, for old age, for insurance against all the ills that flesh is heir to—and again of housing, allotments and a lavishly endowed schooling for all children whose parents will not disdain their social equality—these are chapters in a restitution which has made of the proletariat an endowed Order. No child is now born simply destitute. It is entitled to nurture, schooling, out-door support

when unemployed, provision for declining years.

I do not call this better state of things Utopia. The industrial problem is often acute, pressing hardest upon our people who cannot set up in business for want of capital and who drift into the ranks of unskilled labour. That is our economic problem largely traceable to England's "Unmaking of Ireland," Catholic Ireland, century after century. It is not only our difficulty but our danger; let us look it in the face.

To the Irish Catholic, as to the born Jew, his religion is a part of his very being. He has given up all rather than lose it, and it has comforted him in all his sorrows. But as the Jew for freedom's sake pledges himself to democracy, Marxian or Bolshevik, so the Irish exile in Britain is drawn to make common cause with any group which professes to defend or extend the rights of Labour. Difficulties between such unequal yoke-fellows can scarcely fail to arise. A question that never sleeps is that of our Schools and the definite Catholic teaching we give in them. But the Trade Unions, being secular and indifferent, do not apprehend our point

of view (which on the score of Liberty should be obvious to them). And so we are left at a disadvantage, especially since the Irish Catholic Members have quitted Westminster.

The dilemma recurs at every election—desirable economic or social measures on one side, security for our schools on the other. Since without a Catholic training of our children the Faith would perish in one generation, we cannot give up our claims to any so-called Liberals. In every agreement they must be reserved. And well that it should be so, for in every late modern system from Russian Bolshevism to Italian Fascism the word is "Do as you are told." Told by whom? By the faction that has captured the State.

Irish Catholics then, in Great Britain, enjoy the high privilege of guarding our altars by saving our schools. Later on, I will show how they can defend Christian marriage against science, falsely so-called, with its dangerous deceits and criminal practices.

CHAPTER II

CATHOLIC IRELAND AND EMANCIPATION

THE enfranchised Irish Catholics clamoured after 1800 for the emancipation which had been pledged but not given to them. The Penal Laws, binding all who would not conform to Anglican practice, had long been teaching Christians how they might live independent of it. In a more distant background might be seen a fresh kind of scholar and writer, Gibbon the chief, whose liberal curiosity was inspecting original sources and dictating history from them, not moved, at all events, by old prejudices. The problem for what is now termed the Zeitgeist was really this: whether Catholicism should or should not play a leading part in the English-speaking countries of the future, that is to say, in four Continents? The Zeitgeist determined that it should; Emancipation was to be

granted, establishment by the State made once for all impossible. An element of romantic piety was infused into the high and dry formalism dear to the eighteenth century; the Middle Ages were brought to light with all their glories of architecture, liturgy, crusades, legends, poems and folk-lore; with saints and heroes, popes and monks and philosophers, hitherto covered beneath mountains of lying and sophistry.

Instruments must be created by this new morning's breath, such as O'Connell and Bishop Doyle in Ireland, Milner, Lingard, Digby, Pugin, Newman and the Tractarians, Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites, even Carlyle and the rebels against Adam Smith's political economy, in England. "All these and more came flocking" to the reaction which none had foreseen—no, not Burke himself. How it has prospered we may judge on looking round at the British Empire and the United States. Under these two flags there are thirty-four millions of Catholics, with sacred hierarchies corresponding, monasticism triumphant, and the churches better filled than those of any other denomination, so far

as we can tell by figures. And the Church of England is Catholicized; while Christian art has recovered its privileges.

There was, however, one purely democratic force in the British Islands, of which it is true to say that it owed its existence to the oligarchy. By proscription and the all-encompassing Penal Laws, Irish Catholics, deprived of their hereditary leaders, without University training, thrown back on a clergy recruited from the people, and having none but Protestants to speak for them at College Green or Westminster, were driven to create as their national expression independent organs, and these they defended passionately against Dublin Castle. Irish Catholics held that their priests and bishops represented politically the flocks which they guided along the paths of religion; the Hierarchy was at once ruler and mouthpiece of the genuine Irish nation, discrowned by the Act of Union which had not emancipated a single soul, despite Ministerial promises.

Democracy and the old Faith were thus allied from the year 1800 to pull down the unreformed

system in and out of Parliament. First, the privileges of an exclusive Church were to be assailed; and when thereby an Irish national party had broken its way into the House of Commons, it did not need the sagacity of an O'Connell to foresee that, on every occasion when popular measures were brought in, the Irish would swell the Liberal vote. Such has been the movement of legislation for eighty years past. In a remarkable speech delivered by a member of the Dublin Parliament, George Knox, during the final debates on the Union in 1800, it was prophesied that "a discontented and unguided Ireland might one day become, in the English-speaking world, as formidable a source and centre of aggressive Jacobinism as France had been on the Continent." Lecky, who reports this violent language, goes on to observe: "He who has traced the part which Irish Jacobinism has played during the last generations in those English-speaking nations on which the future of the world most largely depends; who has examined the principles and precedents it has introduced into legislation; the influence it has exercised on public life and morals, may well doubt

whether the prediction of Knox was even an exaggeration."

But O'Connell, who led Catholic Ireland to victory, was no Jacobin. During the campaigns of wellnigh forty years he advocated moral force alone; and on that principle he broke with the Young Ireland Party, which had inherited through John Mitchell a revolutionary bias. Democracy is one thing, Jacobinism another. It remains, however, manifest that a population which has been levelled by the exile or apostasy of its clan-chieftains and most of its nobles, cannot but display the phenomena that have in America resulted from a process, not indeed the same, but equally implying the divorce of the lower and middle class from aristocracy. In the one case proscription, in the other emigration, both due to the action of a State Church, have created the avenging consequences, political and religious, which neither persecutors nor persecuted foresaw. American democracy and Irish Nationalism can be traced by a sure inference to Archbishop Laud, to the violated Treaty of Limerick, and to the Anglican Establishment in

these countries, which would not suffer Puritans or Catholics to obey their conscience in peace.

Ireland, then, had kept its faith, its hierarchy, and its Catholic people, who were now growing into millions, pledged by force of circumstances to the modern movement in politics, and capable of advancing it at home and abroad, if their representatives were allowed a voice in Parliament. They had found such a leader as is not given to a nation "once in a thousand years," the most formidable of agitators, relying on the power of the word and the meeting of the multitudes. Their bishops were their own, chosen by the native clergy. The foreign influences which might have qualified a patriotism now becoming definitely aware of itself as something for which to live and die, had been shattered by the French Revolution. A new force was to claim its place in the sun, a people to spring up unconquered from the soil on which during a melancholy eighteenth century it lay prostrate. And the form of its collective exertion was the old Roman creed brought by St. Patrick from the Mediterranean isles.

The democratic constitution, when it came to be established, would justify Emancipation as a right, not as a privilege, of Catholic subjects because they were entitled to it, therefore not purchasable on exchange or bargaining. The Irish claimed to send into Parliament representatives who shared their faith, because political rights and duties were founded on the needs of society, irrespective of differences in religion which could not be overcome in this latter-day world. Burke had laid down these premises with his transcendent common sense.[1] By such reasoning the Test and Corporation Acts were swept away; disabilities of Nonconformists, Jews, and Free-thinkers, on the score of their non-adherence to the Anglican Establishment, could not, in the long run, be maintained.

When the alternatives were laid before Irish Catholics, they resolved with one voice to keep their religion free from this secular domination, and, as they had hitherto done, to support it themselves. Their conduct would have won the approval of

[1] See his "Letter to William Smith," in "Works," vi, 53–56 and to R. Burke, ibid., 65.

Burke, who, in three short sentences, went to the root of the matter. "We sometimes hear," he wrote to his son Richard, "of a Protestant *religion*, frequently of a Protestant *interest*. We hear of the latter most frequently, because it has a positive meaning. The other has none." [1]

But to Irish Catholics any liberation by which the Crown should interfere to choose or to reject their bishops would have seemed a worse than Cromwellian conquest, and the surrender of the last shred of independence. Here, then, we arrive at the tragic situation created by an attempt which was made again and again to resolve this double problem by a single solution, and that the one agreeable to the old English Catholic families. They failed in their efforts. They were happily defeated by the strong current of opinion which compelled O'Connell to move forward on its crest, while it swept aside for ever the endowments and the vetoes coupled by statesmen with schemes of Emancipation, and not at first decisively rejected in high ecclesiastical conferences. O'Connell in Dublin,

[1] "Works," vi, 69.

Milner in London—these are the men of renown who secured for the new world of the future a free Catholic Church, untrammelled by engagements with secular ministries, self-governed because neither established nor endowed. The war of religious independence was fought and won, not without extraordinary vicissitudes, in the first twenty years of the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER III

"MINE, THINE, AND OURS"

We can never get free from the duties and rights that spring out of these real, not academic elements, present wherever men live and carrying claims to the land, water, air, minerals,—products of that place known as their country. Every man comes into the world with such a birthright. Laws and institutions should be chiefly ways of making it sure for him. Are they such? yes, by the nature of things, by reason, by humanity. But how is it in fact?

On looking about we seem to discover that of the millions who have no country except Britain, comparatively few possess land of their own, or dwell in houses for which they do not pay rent, or from which they cannot be turned out. Neither do they hold property in the factories, machines, or materials, whereby their living is gained. People, taken

in the mass, are wage-earners. True, they have certain savings, old-age pensions, and various forms of insurance, of poor relief, and a remnant of common rights, with public parks here and there—these often the gift of very rich men. But, as now to be summed up, in a general view, the British-born man and woman are landless, homeless, and to an astonishing degree, propertyless. Their labour is their whole capital, yet a right to be employed somewhere by some one, no law secures to them.

Handle my statements how severely you may, but still keeping an eye on the facts, to this conclusion must you come, that the wealth of Britain, stored up or used in making more wealth, is owned and controlled by some hundreds of thousands, not shared among the bulk of the nation, whom the professor of economic science brings down therefore to the class of "proletarians." Neither country nor city, neither industries nor agriculture, can be deemed their estate; they are all as a class compelled to earn their food, shelter, clothing and reserve of cash (if any) by working for another class, the members of which do own these resources. Working for them-

selves, which two centuries ago was common, is now very seldom seen among the vast crowds who throng our modern towns; and the villages are just hives of labour, but they are not the property of the working bees.

That a system, so strangely artificial, so new and peculiar as that we are living under, should be thought to have a divine right of enduring for ever, only proves how little men reflect on its beginning and its history. The disinheritance of the British people (I leave Ireland aside) can be traced to Tudor times, to the confiscation of the Monasteries, of many charities under Edward VI, to the rise of the National Debt, the enclosure of commons, the setting up of an industrial system which ruined without compensation the small craftsman and his wife, while it sacrificed his children to the Moloch of the factory, converting those who came out alive into "hands" or "operatives." No stage in this reconstruction was favoured by the Catholic Faith; and at every stage crimes against the nation were committed by laws decreeing injustice—laws which the Roman Faith would condemn.

We Catholics, then, whether clergy or laity, need not imagine it any duty of ours to defend "Capitalism," if this be the system that creates a landless, homeless, merely wage-earning proletariat. Far indeed from believing in such a superstition, I would boldly say that the people, thus despoiled and degraded, have never lost their title. For the land, houses, instruments of labour, and independence taken away by the Industrial Revolution, they may well claim a verdict with costs. Nothing less than a permanent acknowledged interest in the whole resources of the Motherland is their due. For a man to own nothing but his Labour is contrary to reason and the will of God. Every individual has a right to possess personal property, to a hold upon this world of matter into which he has been sent. And, in whatever confused fashion, he knows it. Nevertheless, our millions made hardly any stand when the rich and mighty plundered the poor.

That story is written in a thousand books. I advise readers who would follow it up to get hold of such enlightening volumes as Prof. Patrick Geddes offers in "The Making of the Future" (Leplay

House, Grosvenor Road, S.W.) and of Mr. Jeudwine's powerful work on "The Foundation of Society and the Land." From Professor Geddes I will quote only one passage now. He tells us that the later Middle Ages, when the Church held sway, were "marked by a continual rise in the status of the simple man as man, the gradual abolition of slavery, and a steady increase in real wages, which reached into the Renaissance, and attained a maximum both in France and England towards the end of the fifteenth century." In strong contrast he sets the present period "mechanical, financial, imperial" in its aims; the lords of capital busy, not about human life and its value, but about their private gain, seeking markets for monopoly in all continents, while holding the people at home to ransom.

And Mr. Jeudwine, who takes a vaster sweep, going back to a thousand years, comes down to "the soulless political economy of Adam Smith"; to the "individual money maker," in whose eyes "society was nothing, manhood was nothing; if there was a surplus population, they must seek the market for their labour and find a home elsewhere." Not

"more life and more noble quality of life," but "more money, greater exploiting of natural resources for profit anywhere," rather than enhancement of our Commonwealth by raising all its members in the scale of humanity; and so, at last, we get the appalling revelation brought out in our War tribunals that "production" of goods carried forward on these methods has had as its chief "by-product" a nation below any reasonable standard of strength in mind or body, the famous "C 3 Nation" of Mr. Lloyd George.

CHAPTER IV

THE CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY

From about the end of the third century, if not earlier, a decisive variation between Eastern and Western Christendom was inaugurated by the celibacy of the clergy who looked up to Rome as their guide because of St. Peter's "eminent primacy." St. Paul, though devoted to the single life, did not ordain it as obligatory on priest or bishop; but married bishops had become exceedingly rare when Monasticism began with St. Antony in Egypt.

The Eastern clergy have been married all through history; but only monks now are ever made bishops; and it can hardly be doubted that such a restriction tells against the authority and influence of the Greek and other Oriental priesthoods. The celibacy of the Roman clergy was their emancipation. It put them on equal terms with solitaries and enclosed

Orders, yet left an expanding sphere of influence open to the ablest and worthiest among them. Hence for wellnigh one thousand years they controlled Western Europe, while bishops and clergy at Constantinople degenerated into servitude and Cæsar became Pope. From this deplorable subjection they have lapsed into thraldom of Sultan or Tsar, until now their only hope is that Papal Rome will outlive the Soviet tyranny.

We need not pursue the vicissitudes of this discipline which gave the clergy such remarkable power in Western Christendom. That resistance to its behests would often occur was human as well as disedifying in high places. But during centuries the pastoral clergy have emulated monastic Orders in its strict observance, and the growth of convents has rescued our elementary schools from the ruin otherwise awaiting them. Not only so, but this willing and vowed celibacy has acted in the interest of birth-control without violating God's law, and thereby it has promoted Christian marriage. Countries like Ireland, Tyrol, and other happy instances, afford convincing proof that Religion knows how to reconcile

public and private morality as the New Testament demands.

In forty verses of the First Epistle to the Corinthians (chap. vii) St. Paul declares both doctrine and discipline on this whole subject with a wisdom given from on high, to which no development but only observance was required. "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord"; and in like manner the virgin. Hence "he that giveth her in marriage doeth well, but he that giveth her not doeth better." It is impossible to evade or explain away these words of St. Paul, who practised what he preached.

Monasticism, therefore, is in accordance with Holy Scripture, and the celibacy of the clergy is a higher state than their marriage. Nor did any of the Protestant Reformers dare to grapple with St. Paul's teaching; yet, in spite of it, they swept away monasteries and convents, thereby creating problems which not one of our modern States knows how to solve. But we can quote the last four hundred and thirty years in illustration of the zeal, heroism and success of our celibate priests, monks, and nuns who, despite

infidel persecuting governments, have taught the nations to see in Jesus Christ their God and their Saviour.

"He that is unmarried," says St. Paul, "thinketh how he may please God—and in like manner the virgin." Does not Christian History bear him out? And that neither East nor West will endure a married Bishop, or has done so for at least fifteen centuries, yields evidence of the conviction that celibacy was the will of God by way of consecrating the priesthood. It is also the one effectual safeguard against national Churches, which invariably make the King their Pope. Of all these things English History from Henry VIII onwards will bring out the demonstration.

CHAPTER V

THE GREAT SACRAMENT

ONCE more begin with Saint Paul, who may be termed the philosopher of the New Testament. And mark, I pray you, how close we keep to his teaching. When, then, he is laying down the rights and duties of married converts he turns all at once to exclaim, as our Latin Vulgate renders it, "This is a great Sacrament, but I speak of Christ and His Church" (Ephes. v, 32). And so we are brought up to the historical use of the word "Sacrament," as "an outward sign of inward grace ordained by Christ." We need not trouble about its original significance on the lips of a Roman soldier, or in Pliny's Letters. This Catholic application of the word goes back beyond Tertullian, not far from the sub-Apostolic age. And it imports a saving truth. For us—"who are the latest seed of time"—Christ Jesus lives, acts, teaches in His Church. The Holy Spirit dwells in

our hearts; but He is given by Baptism and the other ordinances called Sacraments of which that Church is at once the sanctuary and the dispenser. It consecrates a human life to a divine destiny. Religion is the story of Man as the Pilgrim of Eternity.

Writing to the Ephesians (v, 32), St. Paul says, according as the Latin Vulgate reads: "This is a great Sacrament, but I speak of Christ and His Church." The Greek word is "mystery," which well seen into cannot mean less than an outward visible sign of inward grace, and from early in the second century it was applied in this way, Tertullian being a witness (read it in his "Apology"). But how does the Church fulfil her part as the Bride of Christ? Again the Apostle will enlighten us.

For, "I have received of the Lord," he declares, "that which I delivered also unto you"; and this was nothing less than the institution of the Last Supper, to be perpetuated until Our Lord came again (1 Cor. ii, vv. 11, 23, 30).

Such was the origin of the Mass, that divine action, ever to be renewed in and by Holy Church, as foretold by the last of the Prophets, Malachi, "In every

place from dawn to dusk a pure oblation, and God's name great among the Gentiles." Now, after nineteen centuries, there is not a moment of the day or night when the Christian sacrifice falls silent. On the other hand, remark how the Reformers, in their hatred of Roman dogma, not only did away with private Masses, calling them "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," but they suffered the Communion itself to be neglected and wellnigh made obsolete. I give as an instance Dorchester Abbey, near Oxford, which during all the eighteenth century had only three or four celebrations a year. The genuine Protestant Sacrament was reading the Bible or listening to a sermon.

At length all sense of liturgy and dogma, celebration and ordinance, evaporated into the sentiment of Humanity, or "let us do good." That was a view greatly favoured by the Quakers who rejected Baptism (though Christ commanded it in St. John's Gospel, iii, 5), and the Unitarians who revered Jesus Christ as the best of men; and such, we might almost conclude, is the religion of non-Catholic America—in one word: "Kindness."

Who does not perceive how this amiable acquiescence in Montaigne's "Que sais-je?" is despair of Reason, and leaves Mankind a shipwrecked crew upon an island to which no rescuer will ever come? And why has the Reformation ended in such total bankruptcy? One solution may be put forward, viz., that while the Roman Church went on as she had ever done, with divine acts in the Holy Place, those who broke away from her had nothing supernatural to offer. Sects might and did multiply—and enthusiasts feign revelations. But the established State Churches fell into a routine, lost adherents to Hobbes and Hume, while Spinoza taught Monism, and Swedenborg went on a Dantean pilgrimage through Heaven and Hell.

The most attractive and widely-known of non-Catholic Missionaries, John Wesley, preached on both sides of the Atlantic to thousands, for many years; he revolted from Calvin's inhumanity, but was, after all, a Protestant, not a Catholic. Meanwhile, what we now term the Revolution was advancing swiftly, and before long would oppose the guillotine to the Cross.

Newman held that Catholic Truth and Rationalism were the two Powers in conflict. "Then will be the stern encounter," he told his generation, "when two real and living principles, the one in the Church, the other out of it, at length rush upon each other, contending, not for names and words, but for elementary notions and distinctive moral characters." That time has come.

More than all other efforts on behalf of Catholic Rome the Reformers dreaded the Mass; and hence to celebrate it was made an act of high treason under Queen Elizabeth.

I am not competent to say what is the practice of Nonconformists; but from their literature I should infer that Holy Communion is quite overshadowed by their doctrine of conversion and inward spiritual experience. Their poet is Cowper, "Oh, for a closer walk with God, oh, for a heavenly frame." It is due to this palpable void that in Protestant countries Religion has left six days of the week to Secularism, as if there were no God, while Christianity has "dwindled, peaked and pined," or in Goethe's language now become to them "gleich einem alten

halbverklungnen Sage." This man, the greatest writer of German prose and verse, could talk without rebuke of "the fairy tale of Christ,"—which simply absolved science and life from taking the New Testament seriously. When faith is real it prompts to action. The Catholic Church felt bound to show forth the Death of the Lord until He came. Therefore priests were ordained by bishops, altars consecrated, basilicas made sanctuaries. The Protestant could build a synagogue but never a tabernacle, for it would have been empty.

But now I am going to illustrate how the actual structure we call a Church is the embodiment and expression of the Sacramental system, culminating in the High Altar and the Real Presence.

Let us enter by the narrow way called the Porch or the narthex, in which our profession of faith shall be uttered. The baptistery may be even separate from the Church, as is the "Lily Tower" at Florence in which Dante was made a Christian. As a rule, however, it is within the sacred edifice; and along the side-aisles or in recesses, confessionals

(a modern invention) guide us to the rood-screen above which towers the Crucifix. Here is the Choir, the sanctuary for the clergy; and the High Altar with its tabernacle is the home of that Real Presence of Christ affirmed by St. Paul to be "the Body of the Lord." A perpetual light burns before it, thus drawing the eyes and hearts of all who pray there to Him, the Word made Flesh.

"We have seen His glory full of grace and truth"; that is not simply hearsay, but experience. And as years leave us, the corresponding act of faith has brought marvellous developments such as the triumphal Eucharistic Congress, and, above all, the Orders of cloistered nuns dedicated to perpetual adoration.

It might seem to the active, bustling modern who cannot be still, that such an existence is but little removed from Nirvana, the self-suicide of Buddhist desire. Let us glance at the facts. Not only do these nuns, in or out of cloister, teach children, tend the sick, and not even shirk the horrors of battle, but we are indebted largely to nuns for the preservation of our Latin Bible, the Vulgate itself, not to speak

of other Classic literature, during the Middle Ages. In those centuries of Feudalism the Western ruling classes had no policy except the schoolboy's, "to quarrel and fight it out."

After destroying, by their invasions, the "immense majesty of the Roman Peace," a World-War has at length tumbled these dynasts into the streets with ignominy, and we are committed to Democracy, or the principle of America's declaration, "the State has no competence in Religion," the Church is Free.

Holy Mass, then, has won its victory over Penal Codes; and we may look round from the chancel upon those walls, encrusted with mosaics by the Easterns, or what will delight us more, upon the stained-glass windows of Beauvais, Rheims, and Chartres, creations only surpassed to English believers by the magnificent colouring and tones of York Minster. Shall we forget the seven hundred windows of Spanish Toledo, the Bible in mosaic which transfigures St. Mark's Venice, or the Roman Catacombs, where we may study the art of early Christians, beginning under the first Popes? There we do actually see the priest in sacrificial garment

celebrating Mass; and we are aware that the altar was a shrine in which St. Peter's body rested for a while at the subterranean called after St. Sebastian.

But how did the Reformers deal with such primitive Church History? To them it was of no account. They swept away shrine and altar, burned Saints' relics, shattered our stained glass, and for their infrequent celebrations put a deal table at the head of the chancel or in the empty sanctuary.

They could, I say, restore the synagogue and go back to the Old Testament. When I meditate on these things, I see Cromwell at Ely demolishing the painted windows, or at Drogheda and Wexford "knocking the priests on the head," while declaring that under no circumstances will he tolerate the Mass. And so Ireland's martyrdom was to continue for another one hundred and eighty years (1649–1829), simply because her priests and people would obey St. Paul, "as often as ye shall do this, ye shall show forth the death of the Lord until He come."

I myself, as a "seminary priest" ordained in Rome, should have undergone Campion's fate—the rope, the block, the dismembering,—had the laws been still

in force by which he was murdered, when I came back to England.

Emancipation, then, was nothing less than the acknowledged triumph of the Mass.

CHAPTER VI

SPIRITUAL DIRECTION

When strangers to the Catholic Church view it from outside they cannot fail to be struck with its magnificence of design and achievement—its grand architecture, so to speak. But if themselves given to religious theory, and still more, to a devout life, they may feel uncertain whether all this elicits or sustains the worship of God in spirit and in truth. Hence comes the half-admiring, half-scornful account of it as a "gorgeous superstition" which Gibbon or Macaulay would bestow on Papal Rome. But in so qualifying the Mother of Saints men whose minds are essentially secular—"not looking for God's kingdom,"—these men's judgments go astray.

And the proof is not far to seek. Consider Catholic Ireland. Here is a country in which during hundreds of years the glory of their Creed has been

totally eclipsed, and its consolations, if they depended on art or beauty for the senses, would no more give a token of existence. But the Priesthood and the Sacraments did not fail them. Still they had the Mass; vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, could be taken and kept. At the end of three centuries (1524–1829) the Protestant flag was lowered to half-mast, and the cross-keys triumphed.

"It is the spirit which giveth life." No doubt as a conquering power the Roman Church, already endowed with Israel's forfeited inheritance, took spoils of the heathen. Why should she not? Hence the languages of Hellas and Italy became her own, as befitted the Universal Church. And she gave a practical, popular mission to the solitaries of the Desert. Thanks to Papal Rome, civilization spread in the Gaul of the Franks, among Germans, Britons, Danes, Norsemen, as brought by these preachers of eternal happiness in Christ's name. False gods were utterly abolished; superstitions condemned and in large measure discredited; temples, no longer held sacred, fell into ruin. The Catholic Church, and no other, evangelized Europe before Arians could spread

in the West. And we may grant without misgiving that development subdued to the service of the sanctuary much that would otherwise have done harm, but now did the homage of Gibeonites to Revelation.

But, like Isaiah, our saintly philosopher, Cardinal Newman, is very bold and assigns to "a sacramental principle" guiding the Church, a certain virtue which even changes the quality of doctrines, opinions, usages, actions, and personal characters, incorporated with it, and makes them right and acceptable, whereas before they were "infected with evil, or at best but shadows of truth."

Nothing less than the spirit of inerrancy in teaching could hinder development of doctrine, thus launched upon the ocean-tides of history, from aberrations which would end in shipwreck. Why then does the Catholic Church live on, still identical with her primitive self in the Catacombs, as a visit to St. Callistus will demonstrate? Such solidarity of past and present reduces the late-born sects to a level with heresies long obsolete, and thereby convicted of treason to the Gospel. "Securus judicat

orbis terrarum." What missionary now dreams of converting Hindus or Chinese to the characteristic tenets of Luther, or Calvin, or Knox, all gone into the irrevocable past? It is only the Eternal Gospel that does not die.

CHAPTER VII

SONGS OF SION

It is with great diffidence that I approach the fascinating but formidable theme of Holy Mass and sacred music. Religion without harmony, vocal, instrumental or both, has never been known. For what we term "prose" came after rhythm as science did after mythology. Writers so unlike as Newman and Renan agree "that music and the form of poetry give to the spirit a medium in which it may express its thoughts more thrillingly than by logic or syllogism." I am quoting myself; and observe that I speak not only of emotions, but of the mental convictions which prompt them. Hence in the Jewish synagogue the entire Scriptures have their fitting recitative as being inspired by the very voice of God, and Holy Mass might be daringly called a lyrical intermezzo between Jesus and His disciples.

From the closing first century onwards Christian

worship had a pattern, most lively in movement, colour, and prophetic vehemence, held up to it by the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine. Such has been, ever since, our Saviour's Tragedy, rehearsed, brought home to us, until now not an hour goes by without its repetition and the prophet's foreboding is more than fulfilled. For nowhere is the Universal Church away from home.

It may even be the case (I do not know) that some of our chanting at Mass or in the choral recitation of the Breviary comes down from ancient Jewry. At all events we are not beholden for it to Delphi or Dodona, neither yet to Athenian processions and ceremonial. Nor has the Parthenon, though so perfect, inspired our Christian architecture. The Roman basilica, which was a hall of justice and judgment, succeeded to the synagogue; and the Hebrew chants would be preserved by Christian converts from the Ghetto clustering in St. Peter's day round the Janiculan Hill.

Our liturgy, then, unites the Mass, the Psalms, and the marvellous array of Hymnology, with lofty creations of genius by men like Palestrina, Bach,

Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Gounod, Elgar. It condescends even to inferior artists on the level of Rossini, when they became popular. And here I must call attention to a governing principle of Roman policy, Imperial and Papal, which Virgil affirms and the Vatican still acts upon, "Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos," "Spare the submissive, and cast down the proud."

"I have compassion on the multitude," said the Lord Jesus, and He likened them to "sheep without a shepherd." In dealing with philosophy and mental adventure, Rome has been always on its guard, saying "Imprimatur" by preference to the long-established like St. Thomas Aquinas. But sanctity, the devout heroic life, and popular enthusiasm calling thousands to Lourdes—all this the reigning Pope, whether Leo XIII or Pius XI, blesses, enriches with indulgences, and cannot too much encourage. He would be very tender of imaginations that transport Lazarus to Marseilles and the Three Maries to Provence. The people are not keen critics, but if devout, why perplex them at the risk of piety itself?

CHAPTER VIII

CHRISTIAN ART: INTRODUCTION

We have come to a stage in our exposition where it is of the utmost importance to discriminate between those things which the Church has herself instituted and those accepted by her with approval. We may ascribe to her direction, for instance, monasticism both of men and women, as well as the celibacy of the Western clergy, priests, deacons, and sub-deacons. The Latin Bible also was a task laid by the Popes on St. Jerome; and of quite another complexion were the Crusades for the recovery of Jerusalem, in which St. Peter's successor acted as Captain-General.

But styles of art and architecture, of music, though deserving the epithet "sacred," of painting and subsidiary technique were welcomed, not originated, by the Hierarchy, as exemplifying the sense

of creed, sacraments, dogma. "To bless or ban" constantly determined the fate of movements and projects in past ages, and it does so still. But we could not imagine the Keepers of Religion absorbed in art or science as if by their profession.

Hence from the Roman Catacombs and other antique remains of which some fall within the first century A.D., we may draw decisive conclusions touching the Eucharistic sacrifice—say boldly the Mass, and prayers for the dead. "Vivas in pace, anima dulcissima," that is a devout aspiration equal to our own, "May the souls of the faithful departed through the Mercy of God, rest in peace." And we read it still in the Catacombs.

St. Paul, therefore, who flung aside the heathen sacrifices, liturgies, and ceremonial, by his uncreating word of scorn—"we know that an idol is just nothing,"—did never condemn the Church of Christ to be merely a synagogue transplanted beyond Palestine, and the first century obeyed him as we do when we "show forth the Death of the Lord until He come." I have before my mind's eye, even while rehearsing this command, the gracious figure

of Christ Our Lord as the True Vine, which adorns the Catacombs with a strangely captivating beauty. Do we yearn after continuity, solidarity? It is here. The ancient Greek word, Liturgy, meaning a service of supplication, is defined to be a "ritual of song, prayer, and procession, it may be of drama and even dance, devised for expelling evil from our heart, and putting a purified self in communion with God." (Prof. Geddes' "Living Religions.")

Holy Mass renews and applies the sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross by offering to God "the True body and blood of Christ" under the appearance of bread and wine.

This change is called Transubstantiation, and was defined to be an article of faith at the Fourth Council of Lateran (A.D. 1215) and the Council of Trent (1547).

CHAPTER IX

ITINERARIUM MENTIS IN DEUM—THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BETWEEN the Catholic Church and every baptized Christian we may detect analogies, of which at present our concern will be with one that runs through history. Church or saint, each "does by opposition thrive." The unbelieving Jews in Rome said to St. Paul, "as concerning this sect we know that it is everywhere spoken against." St. John was compelled in his old age to answer heretics like Cerinthus by dictating the Fourth Gospel. And while we can still contemplate in the Catacombs how St. Peter said Mass, we find our actual development of Eucharistic liturgy and homage was occasioned by denials, outrages, sacrileges on the part of heretics who would not endure the Real Presence, above all as taught and acted upon by the Roman Church.

Beyond a doubt Greeks and Orientals hold the

same belief that was defined at the Fourth of Lateran, but do they realize it? Not if we may argue from the lack of public worship outside Mass, or from the prominence given to icon screens behind which the sacred elements are hidden. But it was heretical scorn of our dogma to which Pope Urban IV replied in 1261 by ordering the Elevation of the Host at Mass.

When that "objective" Roman belief was evaporated, so to speak, in Queen Elizabeth's Church of England, the oddly named "Black Rubric" warned communicants that they must not worship where Christ was not present. And thus while the Eucharist became to an American Protestant like Emerson a piece of ritual in which, to quote his own words, he "took no interest," Catholic enthusiasm has grown, until every one not seriously hindered is becoming a daily communicant. Thus will the Primitive Church be seen once more, as in the Acts of the Apostles we read of it.

Now this ordinance which has played so decisive a part in history, holds of the Spirit by its Inward Reality, Christ Himself being present under veil of

appearance; and it is Faith which discerns the Body of the Lord. Therefore we put aside the Lutheran Doctrine of justification without works whereby Faith becomes mere trust; and our life in the Spirit is growth, not only in holiness but in wisdom. Religion as distinct from mere culture of the intellect includes and sanctifies ethical rectitude. The Saints are always of an heroic type, but need only to satisfy Our Lord's requirement, to worship God in spirit and in truth. Hence again to the worldly-minded they appear eccentric, provocative and unreasonable; and a great French writer has warned us against "those dangerous books, the Lives of the Saints."

But our pilgrimage goes on this way, and can no other. Take as guide-books in reviewing past centuries three which sum up, or grandly exemplify, the stages of the journey—St. Augustine's "Confessions," the "Imitation of Christ" by Thomas à Kempis, and the "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius—works of the fourth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. How unlike as literary creations, each inimitable, yet all three profoundly Catholic! St. Augustine holds us by the charm of his frank self-

portraiture; à Kempis reveals our hearts to us and touches them to the quick; while St. Ignatius lays down a plan of campaign for the spiritual combat to which we are dedicated.

Once more take note how music, paintings, architecture need play no part among the motives by which we are led to Our Saviour's feet.

> Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
> Redemisti crucem passus,
> Tantus labor non sit cassus!

Read again the conversation of Jesus at Jacob's Well with the Woman of Samaria (St. John iv), then repeat in every age and country that scene of conversion, and behold the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER X

SANCTITY, PERSONAL AND OFFICIAL

RELIGION is not a lonely service but a spiritual organism, of which the account given by St. Paul in First of Corinthians (chap. ii) will satisfy the logician while describing the Church that was to continue until Christ came again. "Be ye Holy, for I, the Lord thy God, am Holy," was an injunction to each and all. Hence a two-fold sanctity, of the faithful disciple and the ordained clergy, deacon, priest, bishop, as ministering to him. Their power could not be made to depend on an inward personal sanctity, for God alone could know of that. Proved historical evidence was necessary and sufficient for the valid celebration of the Mass and the Sacraments, but "without holiness no man shall see God." Thus we distinguish between sanctifying grace and the grace of ministration. Priests and bishops

ought to be saints, serving God without offence. But often in the past their misconduct has made the enemies of religion blaspheme, as if the Church itself were corrupt and even apostate. Thus did the Protestant revolt come about which has divided and enfeebled Christendom. It put forward as its justification the shameful abuses that had invaded the sanctuary. But how did these come to flourish, and why have they ceased to be?

The explanation is not far to seek. In that long struggle between the Barbarians and the Mediterranean civilization which we term the Middle Ages, a reconciling power acted on behalf of peace and progress. This, of course, was the Papacy, through its missionaries, monastic centres, and local churches. Endowments flowed in, and no small portion of Europe became sacred to the Faithful departed—literally mortmain. No lay Government could tax or touch it. But the sons and daughters of lay-folk might take vows which they had no mind to keep, and so reach the immense wealth, honours, princedoms, which only clerics could attain. In this way the Papacy itself became the prize and prey of men

like Alexander VI. Then kings, acting as Popes, determined articles of faith, suppressed monasteries and Masses for the dead, and enacted Penal Laws.

Tried by these as if by fire—by confiscations, scientific atheism, religious indifference, look how gloriously Rome, Papal Rome, and the Catholic millions have come out of that past, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified." Our bishops were never more assiduous, our clergy more devoted to their flock; our monks and nuns are apostolic in the midst of great cities. The Holy Eucharist is chief of all attractions to prayer and self-sacrifice.

From about the time of St. Francis de Sales (1620) the definite worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus made marked advance among religious orders and was promoted by the disciples of St. Ignatius. It was, indeed, no new thing, for we may read touching references to it in the meditations of St. Bonaventure and the prayers of SS. Gertrude and Mecthilde. The Saint to whom its wonderful development in the seventeenth century is credited, Margaret Mary Alacoque, received the honour of canonization from Pius IX. To a similar tendency

we must attribute practices like the Forty Hours of Exposition, the frequency of Benediction (unknown to old English and Irish Catholics) and now the Eucharistic Congress which makes the round of the world. In England from parish to parish Exposition is continued during the whole year. It was begun at Milan about 1585 by St. Antonio Zaccaria.

To sum up. The modern parish priest, whom Chaucer would call "poor parson of a toun," begins his day with a meditation on some Gospel truth according to the "Exercises" of St. Ignatius. He then says Mass and reads the Breviary hours appointed, looks in at his schools, and gives the lesson or observes while Catechism is taught. His "daily instance," however, is to visit the sick and take care that none pass away without the Sacraments of Confession, Holy Communion, the Last Anointing. Like a physician he must not mind infection, and this bestows on him a kind of security. He should keep up his learning by study of Holy Scripture and theology, for he has to preach, to instruct, to win converts, and to occupy his leisure profitably.

To be a classical scholar will give him sound mental resources, now more than ever a defence against the distractions of current literature. He is left a great deal to himself; has often a miserable stipend —and even that he must beg—but how much safer than the wealth and luxury which go so far to explain past calamities, though never to justify despoilers of the Holy Place!

Our progress aims at unity. Christ came "to gather into one the children of God that were scattered abroad." Spiritual perfection is held out to all who will endeavour after it; and the celibate life consecrates the vocation of priests, monks, and nuns, whatever may be their respective duties. We are bound by our vows, but we add wings to our flight by aspiration. Stages in the devout life, traced according to St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, or, to go back many centuries, by Dionysius called the Areopagite, do but show us finger-points in the margin of Thomas à Kempis, for the following of Christ in everything.

What indeed was the Incarnation but the taking of humanity unto God? St. John writes, as calmly

as daringly, "The Word was made Flesh." Greek wisdom and the Stoic pride scorned and trampled on this "body of death" in the very name of the Logos, the perfect Reason. Not so the beloved disciple. He knew that in God's sight only sin was absolutely evil; the flesh could be made the tabernacle of God with Man. That redemption of our body is the aim of ascetic practices, and "mortification," a severe challenge to our pride, tells us how much it costs the natural man. But "here is the patience and the faith of the Saints."

While some, then, take explicit vows to cultivate religious perfection by poverty, chastity and obedience, it is not withheld from others who in their own state of life do God's will heroically.

Our Lord and His Apostles made this hitherto unsuspected world of beauty and joy in suffering known, whereas before it was hidden save to a rare spirit here and there. It has been said "under the Gospel, virtue became democratic, while philosophers held that the many were always bad." St. Paul uses the plainest language to his disciples, "not many wise, not many noble"; yet from these pariahs

who were of no condition arose martyrs, saints, men and women who by prayer, purity, and kindness—"see how these Christians love one another" it was said—turned that corrupt Roman world from its idolatrous Pantheon to serve the living and true God. We are Christians to-day because they were St. Paul's trophies then. We did not seek and choose our religion. We were brought into it (I myself the hour after I was born), baptized, I say, taught and confirmed in it because of them.

For this reason it is that we lay so much stress on Catholic tradition. It is living, whereas Holy Scripture, though inspired, is a book, and "books when we question them," says Plato, "remain solemnly silent." Contrast the orderly development of doctrine in the Roman Church since 1830 with what has taken place among Anglicans, Presbyterians, whether United or Free, and German Sectaries. All these, while whittling down their belief in the inspired Bible, are lapsing, aware or unaware, into Pantheism, as Newman foresaw they would, and where is there authority to hinder them? In America, beyond the pale of the Catholic Church,

religious anarchy is rampant. We have witnessed how divine worship was offered to T. Lake Harris and the late Mrs. Eddy, whose death was obstinately denied long after it happened. Nearer home shameful excesses might well have called forth once more St. Jude's denunciation "of ungodly men, who turned the grace of our God into lasciviousness."

"Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus."
"The times are very evil, the hour is waxing late.
Keep sober and be watchful, the Judge is at the gate."

Every distinct period in history leads up to the "consummation of an age" and has its own Apocalypse. The Church is not a mere antique, but goes on to meet Christ. "When these things come to pass," He told His followers, "lift up your heads, for your salvation will be nearer at hand than when ye first believed."

We know how the Temple of Jerusalem fell by fire, making way for St. Peter's and the Vatican, setting free the religion of St. Paul, and leaving space for a Universal Church. What remarkable religious progress on occasion of 1789 and the Revo-

lution have not the last hundred and forty years witnessed? It is a pledge and promise of more in the coming age of Secularism.

When Pius IX was dying, his devoted friend, Cardinal Manning, sat by his bedside and watched the last moments of that sorely tried Pontiff, the Louis XVI of the Papacy. The Cardinal was reciting under his breath that prayer for the departing, "Go forth, O Christian soul," and paused a moment. The Holy Father smiled.

"Si, proficiscere," he said. "Yes, go forth," and fell asleep in Jesus.

"Go forth!" Such is our vocation, our duty to these latter days. We must be missionaries, not recluses dedicated to our own spiritual enjoyment, for that would be a kind of Catholic Nirvana. We are debtors to all men, to East and West, to the negroes of Darkest Africa, to India, China, Japan. The hour long délayed is here. Arise and let us go forth.

CHAPTER XI

GO FORTH: THE CLEAR STAGE

HAD we set out on this errand previous to the last day of July, 1914, we should have found the stage crowded with principalities and powers, established churches, and all that governing caste which the "Almanach de Gotha" used to register year by year. But the greatest of wars proved also to be the most ruthless of clearances. By the year 1919 not a single absolute monarchy was left in Europe on this side of Japan. We beheld, as on a tragic stage, the fall, the massacre, of Tsar and Tsardom, the ignominious collapse of Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, and all German royalties. Democracy reigned with or without a king, and the German Empire became a Republic. It could do no other. Russia had been seized by a band of anarchists, atheists, chiefly Jews (as it would appear), and the Soviet Republic put

down religion, murdered priests and bishops, and blocked itself in from the Baltic to Bering Strait. The Western Allies could not undertake a fresh war. But none of us would grant that Bolshevism can be more than an episode, like the mediæval Mongol invasions. The essential guilt of it lies on the threshold of Yildiz Kiosk, or Turkey after 1908. The Russian moujik is patient, but invincible, because amid the crash of dynasties, and let the Soviet rage as it will, he is always there. No moujik, no bread—that is the peasant's ultimatum.

By temper and constant example, the Russian is a mystic, not a dialectician, and he runs the risk of being hypnotized by such a pretender as Rasputin; neither was it a bow shot at a venture when Solovief deduced from the Slav temperament that, in course of History, the coming Antichrist would appear in Russia. He did not anticipate a collective one, yet Moscow under the Soviet simply reminds us of Paris in the grip of Robespierre and the Convention.

But Catholic Rome does not despair of the vast populations whose ancestors were evangelized by

SS. Cyril and Methodius from San Clemente on the Cœlian Hill. The very letters of the Russian alphabet are Cyril's invention, while bishoprics could only be set up by Apostolic succession. Peter the Great, however, deposed Nikon, Patriarch of Moscow, making himself in imitation of Henry VIII a sort of lay Pope; and since then, down to the establishment of the Soviet, the Russian State Church was governed ostensibly by the Holy Synod, but in fact, by an Ober-Procuror, a sort of permanent Thomas Cromwell from whom there was no appeal. Nevertheless, millions of dissenters abounded, among them repulsive fanatics (the Dukhobors, for instance), and perhaps the Soviet intolerance may kill or cure some of these disorders.

Solovief, the saintly man of genius, priest and philosopher, whom I have quoted above, was an enthusiast for reunion with Rome. He seems to have preferred a corporate movement rather than individual submission; and that is the Oriental policy, on which the Roman authorities have acted.

I was, during the War, constantly impressed by

the lack of personal devotion among these "Near Eastern" Christians whose forefathers would not purchase privilege or power by "turning Turk," i.e. by reciting the Moslem creed. When Russian Christians accept Rome's claims they will do so collectively; but, as we acknowledge with joy, saints may and do spring up among these millions. From the troubled career of an out-and-out moujik like Tolstoy, who chanced to be born a noble, we learn how close akin are saint and sinner in the Russian imagination; but the despair and the raptures of Dostojevski take us into the very same world.

Now that Rome is guardian of the Eastern Orthodox Hierarchy, we may be sure its legitimate claims will find fitting respect in the Vatican. For St. Paul has taught us (Acts xx) that "bishops are set by God to rule over the Church." When the Pope declines to acknowledge Anglican and Wesleyan Orders it is on the undoubted evidence which proves them to be null and void.

Thus we thank a gracious Providence for the succession of Apostolic descent and the sanctity of

conduct which promise the reconciliation, at long last, of East and West. It arrives, not by way of Constantinople; and that again is well, for Stamboul was the home of Cæsaro-Papism.

CHAPTER XII

ISLAM AND THE LAST OF THE CALIPHS

We are living in an age of miracles. Providence, to speak reverently, shows its hand even by "the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts." Impotent, that is to say, when we regard the hitherto Great Powers affected, but He that brings them down is not to be mistaken. We had long imagined that Orthodox Russia would capture Constantinople. But the Tsardom fell and the last of the Caliphs escaped from Yildiz Kiosk in a British man-of-war to Malta. This happened in December, 1917, when English troops under General Allenby were quietly entering Jerusalem.

That Turkish usurpation (for such it was according to Koranic strictness) had continued since 1517. It was not acknowledged in Morocco, Persia, hardly in India by more than occasional prayer in the

Mosques. However, from henceforth, the King of the Hejaz, who was keeper of Mecca and Medina, emerged, so to speak, from his obscurity, yet he did not dare to assume the style or title of Caliph. There was to be none henceforth. But a soldier of genius, Kemal Pasha Ghazi, who had first made a name on the Committee of Liberty and Progress in 1908-9, now undertook to save Asia Minor as a home for the Turks, themselves driven from Thrace and elsewhere by the Hellenic advance. He flung these Greeks out of Konia, that great centre of commerce, Smyrna was burnt, and ugly Angora became the capital of a republic which Kemal Ghazi undertook to modernize. He still professed the creed of Islam, but with liberty of conscience for all citizens. The beautiful but very intricate Arabic script gave way before Latin type and Western arithmetical notation. There is something ludicrous, yet affecting, in the sight of a whole people going to school, as when Peter the Great taught his Russians with a whip to become Europeans. But so far these Turks repeat the polite and servile phrase of Asia, "To hear is to obey."

Being without culture, what shall happen to the Koran does not greatly trouble the Turk. For some time yet he will practise the daily devotions and the fast of Mohurram, which political changes need not affect. What then does the flight of the last Caliph imply? This, beyond controversy, that the Christian West, after twelve centuries (invasion of Spain by Moors, 712—entry of British in Jerusalem, 1917), has rolled back the Moslem to Mecca. But something more. In our Catholic homes of learning by far less attention is paid to Moslem religious literature than, from the missionary point of view, is expedient. Not so was it in mediæval Spain. Without Arabic translations of Aristotle, then turned into Latin, our St. Thomas could not have written his immortal Summa. More wonderful still, and not a little bewildering, is the recent discovery of Dante's unique poem, the "Divine Comedy," in Arabic version or original, but clear evidence that Catholic and Mohammedan met once in the same intellectual world. After the fall of Granada in 1492 an utterly opposite policy came into force. Jews and Moriscoes were deported, with conse-

quences, one of which was that our divines and philosophers, busy in refuting Luther, Calvin, Socinus, paid no further attention to Islam.

Mohammed would have no monks in his religion. Yet we must not overlook the repeated admission made by the Koran that Jesus was sent by God, and that His disciples were free to do as He bade them. Now in the seventh Christian century monks abounded. And when Persia fell a conquest to the invading Moslems, communities of a studious description sprang up in Asia Minor and elsewhere, very like monasteries, though without vows.

CHAPTER XIII

THE KORAN

THE Koran or the "Reading" makes upon a Western much less of a satisfying impression than he would anticipate from its alleged inspiration. It is Oriental rhetoric, often impassioned, but wanting in grace and variety, quite inferior to the Old Testament whether as narrative, psalm, or prayer. Mohammed was no scholar; his imaginations were without refinement and his limits were those of Arab custom and the Desert. He did not anticipate a future in which Spaniards, Turks, and Hindus would be pilgrims to Mecca, or have to endure the Fast of Ramadan in climates where its observance was a martyrdom. How unlike St. Paul who taught a universal religion by releasing men from the yoke of Jewish legalism! St. Peter did so too, and the Catholic Church, as its name declares, is that of the nations.

Mohammed was a mystic, whose visions and revelations came to him by experience, not by reasoning; and many of his utterances were interpreted as echoes—"daughters of the voice"—of Gabriel or other angels.

Thus, even in "the thin and arid soil" of Islam as first cultivated a richer seed was planted; but we shall not find the Prophet himself eager so much to train spiritual adepts as to acquire kingship and power. Yet, by virtue of that incessant reading, with lips as well as eyes, practised by Orientals, dreams, both delightful and terrifying, might come, which would be taken as revelations. For Mohammed never knew the axioms or method of abstract thought. Enthusiasm, asceticism, were familiar enough to him. But neither Arab nor Persian made celibacy a condition of holiness, however exalted.

A kind of novitiate was introduced, with its spiritual director, called a Pir (teacher); and this institution still enjoys great authority in Persia, not to speak of the Indian Parsis who do not, of course, acknowledge Mohammed and appear in the "Ara-

bian Nights" as Fire-Worshippers, which, strictly speaking, is untrue.

"Fasting, pilgrimage, prayer, and alms" are said to be the four pillars of Islam, but these may be interpreted in a spiritual sense by the adept; he will indeed wear his ragged cloak, the Kirka, so covering them all.

It is only fair, however, to quote Goethe's remarkable words: "When at first we take up the Koran, it repels us; but gradually it attracts us, astonishes, and extorts our admiration." And Professor Palmer, whose translation is a standard work, affirmed that "the language of the Koran is universally acknowledged to be the most perfect form of Arab speech." He said, "It is noble and forcible, but it is not elegant in the sense of literary refinement. To Mohammed's hearers it brought home great truths in the language of every-day life. Mohammed speaks with a living voice; his vivid word-painting brings up at once the scene he describes."

It is doubtful whether any prose composition we should call a book existed in Arabic previous to the Koran, while every Moslem writing since it was

edited bows before it. Hence an odd kind of literary stalemate, such as might occur to Catholics in Latin, if they were bound to choose words and phrases dealing with religion simply from the Vulgate.

Mysticism did not arise out of the Koran, nor depend much upon it. There are said to be in the world of Islam two hundred at least of dervish communities, corresponding, though not celibate, to our Religious Orders. All over the East renunciation of wealth, dignities, and social intercourse has long been familiar to the people at large, and not deemed eccentric, much less insane. And whether Dervish of Mecca or Persian Sufi, the devout soul is required to undertake a journey in seven stages, call them valleys or ascents, to the gate where it will be asked: "Who art thou?" And the only adequate answer is not our haughty affirmation of the individual, "I am myself alone," but one of identity with God, all difference being at an end. Such is the Sufi doctrine, and who will not acknowledge it to be Pantheism?

But never would Mohammed have accepted or

endured it, though it inspired the exquisite poetry of Jelal in his "Masnavi," or the "Colloquy of Birds" by Faredidin Attar, and may be read by contemplative souls into the love-lyrics of Hafiz. It sins against genuine Islam no less than it is contrary to the Hebrew creed of the Old Testament. That elements of reconcilation with Christian piety may be found in it I would not deny; but the Sufi is not a disciple of the Koran or of Mecca.

CHAPTER XIV

INDIA

"In the East," Max Müller told the restless, enterprising nineteenth century, "history is the record of ideas, not of inventions." Therefore he wrote, "no country can be compared to India as offering opportunities for real study of the genesis and growth of religion." Dean Church noted in the Vedic hymns "their sense of the greatness and wonder and mystery of external nature; how there was behind that screen a living presence and power, greater than itself, and its master, to which men could have access."

Not then from dreams and ghosts and the worship of dead ancestors (as Herbert Spencer would persuade us) but from the glorious vision of sun and stars, at dawn and evening, did the Veda, which is "Truth" itself, spring up. The presence of God

in reality—that has ever been the fundamental Indian dogma, pervading its idolatries and Pantheons. Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, or Kali and Jaganaut will pass away, the Divine Presence never.

And here we may catch a glimpse of the Providential design which was dwelt upon by Joseph de Maistre in his dying years, more than a century ago, in allowing Holy Scripture to be scattered broadcast in the way among the heathen. Of course he saw and lamented the abuses which could not but follow from the Protestant appeal to private judgment instead of Catholic tradition. But was it in vain that the Word of God should be thus translated into hundreds of languages and distributed year after year in millions?

When Clive won the Battle of Plassey on June 28, 1757, two things of transcendent importance to Asia were decided. The first was that there would be a British Empire in India fated to absorb its 300 million of native inhabitants, as they would become by 1930. Neither Portugal nor Holland in the past, nor Russia in time to come, would equal this mighty power which gained strength by every

uprising of Mohammedan, Mahratta, Sikh or Sepoy, until at length the "Emperor of India" challenges recognition on every gold coin issued by royal authority.

But where Britain ruled, the Bible followed; and this was the second sequel to the victory of Plassey which we have now to consider.

Speaking as if by prophetic insight, we may boldly announce that Holy Scripture would in due course do away with India's Pantheon by revealing to its millions our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all men. For more than three thousand years the system of caste has petrified Indian life and civilization, raising the Brahmins to the seat of gods, while degrading myriads as unclean, not to be touched under penalty of defilement. At this hour when I am writing there are said to be sixty millions of these pariahs, or almost one in five of India's population. And they are far more abject than were the American negroes previous to emancipation, for these always had the Bible and trusted in their Saviour.

Nor must we forget how the author of Buddhism,

Gautama, himself a prince, rose up against Brahminism twenty-four centuries ago. He taught the opposite doctrine of Karma that every man is the son of his own acts, owes no duty to any God, and by suppressing all desires will arrive at Nirvana, which is perfect extinction. For all existence is evil—a significant summing up of Eastern history!

But one redeeming feature we must acknowledge in Hinduism; it consecrates not only the chief stages of human life but its instruments and accessories—all good things are holy or so to be made. How unlike is all this to the Secularism and growing profanity of modern Europe and America! There is hope for the Hindu in his very superstition.

It cannot be that such a stupendous enterprise as the issue of Holy Scripture in 530 distinct languages and dialects, and in tens of millions year by year, should fail altogether of its object. Nor should we slight the consideration that here is an Eastern Sacred volume, much of it dear to Jews and Moslems, which yet is acknowledged by the invincible British Raj. Though always careful of native susceptibilities, the Government at Calcutta,

the city of Kali, had nevertheless put down "thugee," which was a form of ritual murder dedicated to that consort of Shiva. Lord William Bentinck abolished "suttee," or the burning of widows, a custom dating back to remote periods; and with little opposition his humanity has prevailed. In short, the British Raj is a present deity, which not even the most formidable of native gods can disregard. All education, since Macaulay in 1834 put it under government, reveals the sheer impossibility of such gods and their adventures as Brahmanism postulates. When science, history, and actual present power show them all to be of no account, their day is done. No commendation of the Veda poetry or the Vedanta philosophy will set up Brahma, Vishnu, or Shiva with educated Indians as real Gods any more; they belong to the Classical Dictionary of the East, to scholarship in the learned, though, for a long while yet, a terror to the millions.

When caste loses power, as under strain of business and education it is already losing it, the conversion of India will enter on a victorious era. But we want missionaries. Who will volunteer?

CHAPTER XV

THE FAR EAST: DEVOTION TO THE HOLY SOULS

WHAT was the head and front of Luther's offence or Calvin's, when these, meaning to be Reformers, broke away from Rome? I do not hesitate to say—and I speak with experience—that it was the great gulf they opened between Earth and Heaven. To realize the change from Mediæval religion, to call to mind Dante's pilgrimage—how close we are in it all through to earth, and yet now in the deeps of lost souls, again with saintly yet suffering penitents, and at the last with angles, apostles, martyrs, virgins, with Mary the Mother of God and her Son incarnate in Paradise. Whither has this vision fled? You will not find it even in the "Pilgrim's Progress"; and the sky, bereft of glory from the great White Throne, is abandoned to aeroplanes.

But, during the Middle Ages, and increasingly as

they went on, prayers and masses for the dead were set up, until more than one-third of the land in Europe became subject to this obligation. The open coffin preached a sermon which made saints like Romuald, founder of Camaldoli, and Francis Borgia, who succeeded Ignatius Loyola in the Generalship of the Jesuits. At Oxford the College of All Souls was founded in 1437 by Archbishop Chichele that masses might be said for those who fell in the French Wars. Westminster Abbey, the Campo Santo at Pisa, the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, were due to a feeling of solidarity between Christians on the march and saved souls yet undergoing a kind of novitate to Heaven.

But none of the reforming chiefs would suffer this contraband intercourse, and so, except in a few hymns, Death meant absolute separation till after the Day of Judgment.

Thus religion became a one-day affair, relegated to the "Sabbath," i.e. Sunday, while Secularism, as we see it depicted by Thackeray, took to itself power and reigned. But in the Church prayer for the faithful departed went on in accord with Hebrew custom

and the Maccabean text: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." Catholics speak of a Requiem, the Jews term it "Kaddisch," which means a supplication.

For whatever reason, China, though given over to magic and superstition, has never exhibited signs of Religion, unless we should so reckon the Emperor's thanks offered on occasion to unseen agencies.

Confucius, the "complete and perfect sage" (born about 550 B.C.), has more than 1,500 temples dedicated to him; but neither his life nor his writings betray concern for the spirit or eternal life, or judgment to come. He was a statesman, busy about good laws. The Mongolian practises divination, cares nothing for metaphysics, and looks to early profit in his undertakings. On the other hand, Westerns, English and French, employ Chinese largely in positions of trust because they can be relied upon and have a conscience. Our Catholic missionaries report favourably of their proselytes, both men and women, while no small number have undergone torment and suffered death during the Boxer outbreaks.

Baptism undoubtedly transforms the Chinese, young or old, into something like saints.

Now, as regards ancestor-worship, the question of treating it has divided our missionaries. The Jesuits, whose learning had given them high authority in Pekin, were disposed to make the best of it, while the Dominicans appealed against it to the Holy See and won their case. So much is true as a chapter of history; and its application to Japan, whose people venerate or worship their dead Mikados religiously, cannot be disputed.

We may, however, I would submit, profitably bear in mind the long-established custom of ancestor-worship, as making access to our doctrine of a middle state after death less difficult. Our daily Mass bears the name and character of a Requiem, "as often as ye do this, ye shall show forth the death of the Lord until He come." We live as Christians by reminiscence; we are going forth as pilgrims to meet our risen Lord, "descending from above,"

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Add the Day of Judgment to ancestor-worship and its ethical character will be assured. An admirer of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, was once expatiating on the fame in store for him. "Fame?" said O'Connell. "What will fame signify to me after I am judged?"

The East, from Smyrna to Tokio, worships power; but even while bowing down to tyranny it reveres Holiness. The true Saint is not one that works wonders, for this man might be no better than a magician. However dimly, the Oriental apprehends, as we do, that clean hands, with a pure heart, and nothing else will satisfy the Power Supreme.

"Shall not the Judge of all earth do right?"

Job asked that question, confident of the answer in his day. We ask it now in China, Japan, where not?

Religion demands righteousness. On fallen man it is bestowed by Jesus, the Son of God come in the flesh, crucified, risen again. He is God with us, in Mass, in the Sacraments, in Holy Scripture, in His Saints. And His Church is called Catholic or Universal because none are shut out of it who will enter in.

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and peoples, and kindreds, and tongues, standing before the Throne and the Lamb, clad in white robes, and with palms in their hands, saying: Amen, blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honour, power and might, be unto our God for ever and ever."

Dear readers who have come thus far with me, say Amen. Behold I show you the Catholic Church!

CHAPTER XVI

THE ROMAN MAJESTY

ROME is the Holy City of Mediæval and modern Europe, which at St. Peter's shrine became Christendom. After nineteen centuries how does the Catholic Church stand? We are three hundred millions, or one in seven of the earth's population. Our bishops number about 2,000. And we outnumber Eastern Schismatics and Protestants by fifty per cent. or more. At the same time neither Orientals nor Greeks differ from us in creed, Mass or Sacraments, and all have on occasion, early and late, acknowledged the rank of St. Peter's successor in the language of St. Irenæus (about A.D. 170), "propter potiorem principalitatem," because of "his most eminent Primacy." General councils, like Ephesus and Chalcedon, accepted the judgments of St. Cœlestine and St. Leo precisely on grounds delineated in our own age by the Vatican Council.

History goes on, but our Faith never changes, though its law is, and must be in a progressive world, development. These facts and the significance of them were as lucidly brought out by St. Vincent of Lerins during the fifth century as by Cardinal Newman in the nineteenth.

And cogency is added to the Roman tradition by what has befallen every single one of the Protestant or "reformed" sects which broke from Rome. All alike, in England and abroad, they are lapsing down an incline furnished by Socinus and the Unitarians towards religious agnosticism or sheer indifference. Nay, more. In answer to the question: "Does death end all?" a growing number would reply with Edison or the late Mark Twain, "Certainly it does." I call such men as these "preachers of death," in Greek "thanatists," and they are a peril to human kind, and characteristic of ages when the social order is in decline. Imperial Rome was going that way when Christianity saved it for another hundred years, though still too late.

By their faith and free gifts the Catholic people built all the churches, monasteries, schools, and

universities in Europe before Protestantism was born or thought of. In England signs most eloquent bear witness to that story. For instance, the shield of Canterbury exhibits even yet the pallium which none can grant except the Pope, and none lawfully wear without his licence. In the arms of York we behold St. Peter's Keys: they tell England of St. Paulinus, who carried the Faith of Rome to what was then Northumbria.

There is a terrible word in Scripture (3 Kings, 13) addressed to the heretic King Ahab by the prophet Elijah, "Hast thou killed, and also taken possession?" Our martyrs, beginning with More and Fisher, might drive that question home to the intruder who has taken the place of St. Thomas of Canterbury. York has its martyrs too, even a woman like Margaret Clithero, pressed to death because she would not tell the names of priests she had harboured.

After 1550 any subject of Queen Elizabeth who went to Rome and was there ordained priest, became guilty of high treason, and on his return would at once be condemned and executed. Such was the fate

of Cuthbert Maine. And our College at Rome reckons forty-five of its alumni who triumphed on the scaffold for this crime. Yet Canterbury keeps the pallium still, and York the cross-keys. The neglected tomb, however, of Cardinal Pole, not far from the spot where St. Thomas had a shrine, but has none now, tells of the break with Rome.

Three hundred years of persecution, almost to the day, elapsed from Henry VIII's repudiation in 1529 of his marriage and Catholic emancipation.

Without careful study of the Penal Laws (a trial for eyes and heart) it is impossible to realize the furious greed, fear and cunning, by means of which the English people were bereaved of the Catholic Faith; and the Irish would have lost it, did they not, by God's grace, choose famine, confiscation, exile, death itself to apostasy. Edmund Burke stigmatized "the ferocious acts of Anne," but even they could not outdo the acts of Elizabeth, James I, or Cromwell; and assuredly no Spanish Inquisition was more unrelenting. We sicken as we read the hideous tale, and marvel how our ancestors did not give in, or perish without offspring. But Provi-

dence meant that Catholic Ireland should be the chief missionary nation in the British Empire, in England itself and in the United States, and this was her novitiate. Has any other nation except the Jews a record like it?

Ireland claims another distinction, which every year enhances by contrast with modern tendencies. Its people, married or single, are free from sexual disorder; and this accounts in no small measure for their gaiety as well as their patience under trouble. The disease termed pessimism cannot come nigh them. An Irish grumbling philosopher, a Carlyle unhappy in himself and spreading gloom about him, would be impossible where prayer and patience go hand in hand. Puritan or Presbyterian expends on his foes a bitterness that rises ever and anon within the dark universe he calls the soul. But to an Irish Catholic religion is the Communion of Saints.

Thanks to this confidence in God, a hope attaining to heroism, the Irish Catholic, passing over into Britain, has restored the English and Scottish Hierarchies, built thousands of churches and filled them. We do not deny our losses, or the unsatisfactory

features of city life in vast areas like London, Glasgow, Lancashire. But our clergy are eight-fold as many as they were sixty years ago. We have built schools at our own cost and provided teachers for them from the English Channel to the Orkneys, and by our example we have shamed the Church of England from imperilling the Faith of its children by compromise with Board School neutrality. We have not yet got fair play. But our policy of "No surrender" is a check on the insidious and ever-growing interference of a Government executive which would leave us no freedom at all.

And so we are led on to our last question, which is in truth our first: who will survive and therefore control history in the Coming Age? The old order of things perished at a stroke ten years ago. The future, we must now reply, will depend on Birth-Control—how it is practised, in accordance with Christian ethics or in contempt of them.

The history of it in modern Europe may be followed up from the French laws of succession which did away with primogeniture and divided inheritance equally among a man's children. Restriction

of births meant preservation of estate and social dignity, but France has, ever since 1800, suffered a loss of its descendants while admitting Italian, Belgian, and Jewish strangers in their stead, which no Frenchman will think a satisfactory exchange.

Napoleon, who wanted "cannon-fodder," as the Germans say rather brutally, would have encouraged large families, but even he did not venture to modify the law of succession. His armies were recruited from the conquered West. However, Italy has now caught up France with her forty millions, and Signor Mussolini preaches that numbers are strength.

In England the rapid rise after 1850 (the Great Exhibition) in the standard and cost of living, first affected the professional middle classes. After about 1850 its birth-rate fell steadily, and the motive was Malthusian, i.e. not to lower the standard of subsistence. This, too, will account in part for the appearance of current unbelief.

CHAPTER XVII

WHO SHALL ABIDE?

THAT is, at last, the question. On looking back we can watch how cities and nations have grown great by wisdom, valour, endurance, then given way to luxury, vice, unbelief, frivolity, and thus invited the Barbarians to take them and all they had. Who will play the part of Barbarian now? Marx announced the Proletarians who would make surplus values their own, but surely never could attain to culture and as little apprehend supreme art. As for religion we, standing by appalled, have seen it in Mexico tortured, only on sufferance under a permanent reign of atheists in France, and suppressed altogether by Soviet Russia. Those whom we call "thanatists"—preachers of death as mere and sheer extinction—allow to divorce, to free love and utter perversions, licence that no law must fetter. But St. Paul's warning to them is not out of date:

"Tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil." Hence the frequency of divorce, the rising tide of suicide, and Birth-Control the order of the day. It would appear that unbelievers pass judgment on themselves, and say with Tennyson in his hour of gloom, "Surely 'twere better not to be!"

To this complexion, I report in amazement, have arrived the revolutionary freedom, scepticism, philosophy, of "Prometheus Unbound." From optimists like Rousseau and Shelley to unbelievers who murmur with Lucretius, "what new pleasure can be gained by living on?" the descent is amazing but incontestable.

We can draw a map of France in which the departments where Religion is at its worst show the people dying out. In Scotland, where the Presbyterians are Malthusians, they have complained to the Home Secretary of the "Six hundred thousand Irish Catholics who throng the country from Glasgow to Edinburgh and Aberdeen." So far back as 1877 it was noted that German Protestants were ceasing to have large families; and Prince von

Bülow deplored in the Reichstag, but could not deny, that Polish Catholics were invading the Rhineland on the call of industrial expansion.

When we cross the Atlantic and survey New England, the story is, if possible, even more surprising. What has happened to Puritan New England? Gone, utterly gone! You may search in vain for its representatives, barring a few here and there, in Boston and other historical centers where it won power and glory. Boston is the seat of the Cardinal Archbishop, and holds 100,000 Italians. The State of Maine is French Canadian, and all through what was New England our churches, convents, and schools have taken the place of Channing, Emerson, and Hawthorne, and the race they taught.

In the United States we now reckon about 20 million Catholics, or one-sixth of the people. Irish, Germans, Poles, outnumber by a long way the rest of our American brethren, and all find an intellectual centre at Washington University. The Eucharistic Congress at Chicago was the largest ever held, and, as already stated, a million voices therein proclaimed the Faith of Rome.

I am finishing this book to-day, on Shrove Tuesday, February 12, 1929, the Golden Jubilee of our Holy Father's ordination.

Yesterday, on his behalf, Cardinal Gasparri signed at St. John Lateran the Treaty whereby the City of Rome becomes the capital of United Italy, and the Roman Question, after seventy years of misunderstanding, is happily solved. The Pope recovers enough of his temporal dominion to make him a sovereign, but his true kingdom is the Vatican, where he keeps watch at St. Peter's Shrine.

EPILOGUE I

TOWARDS THE YEAR 2000

THE second Christian Millennium will be accomplished in one generation from to-day. It has been ushered in by the greatest of wars, the disappearance of absolute kingdoms and empires, and the triumph of democracy. Science has changed the face of the earth. Freedom of the Press and opinion is unlimited. Consequently, Secularism, or denial of any world but this one bounded by death, is a mighty military force, of which Soviet Russia presents a frightful example. Catholics must brace themselves up to encounter the long foreseen "persecutions of the Last Days." It is true that a splendid Catholic Renaissance will arrive—the old enemies of Papal Rome are gone or going fast.

Our new Christian Era takes in the East. Thirteen hundred years ago Mohammed arose, invaded Europe by his Lieutenants in A.D. 712, destroyed the Byzantine Empire in 1453, and was the chief Antichrist during some thousand years.

Now the world movement is reversed and the Christian West offers to Easterns a share in its culture, science and religion.

Catholics, under the flag of St. Francis Xavier, S.J., apostle of India, have begun to study the vast Oriental religions—Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucius and Laotze. To the Moslem they offer Jesus the Son of Mary and His Gospel instead of the Koran. To the Hindu freedom instead of caste, a clean sacrifice, the best of Sacred Books, an ascetic life without torture and insanity; and the monstrous idols they would utterly abolish. But by persuasion not by violence. To the Chinese wisdom they would bring the light of the New Testament; and the Japanese worship of the dead they would exalt into prayers for the Faithful departed and the Communion of Saints.

Everywhere points of contact, ways of approach

will be found, until at length "all nations will look on Him whom they pierced," and He shall bring Judgment unto Victory.

But sheer Unbelief will have no pity on our brethren; it will do its utmost, by law, by argument, by force, to keep them down. How shall the Church meet and overcome this Antichrist? Only by heavenly weapons forged in God's armoury—by prayer, self-denial, brotherly love, the example and intercession of the Saints. Here is the real significance of modern shrines like Lourdes, frequented by thousands every year; of pilgrimages to Rome, Jerusalem, Nazareth; of devotion to the Saint of Lisieux, the "Little Flower." Take note of the Eucharistic Congress held in every world-centre; of the Catholic Truth Society with its yearly million of publications. Then glance at the Rescue Homes, Orphanages, Charitable Institutions wherever Catholics are found in any numbers, and what does it all mean except love of our Redeemer and the Brethren?

In this sign alone we shall overcome. Our hopes are great because our Faith is God's gift. The night

is past, the dawn is already here, and Catholic Rome meets the Coming Age with confidence.

In the prophetic words of that most illustrious of converts, John Henry Newman, "It will be a second Spring."

EPILOGUE II

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF PIUS XI

It is a kind of miracle when events, actually chronicled in newspapers, the world looking on, realize an ideal situation, at once true, just, and beautiful. Such, by God's grace, was the hour when Pius XI, keeping the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood, came out on the balcony of St. Peter's in Papal robes, and gave his blessing, *urbi et orbi*—to Rome and the world. Two hundred thousand people, it is computed, filled the Piazza. They all knew that after sixty, nay seventy, years of estrangement, the Pope and Italy were reconciled.

I keep on saying in my heart, "Dies venit, dies tuus," the touching Lenten hymn,

> That day is come, thy day indeed,
> When all things fair grow young again;
> Let us be glad and follow thee,
> Our guide, our strength, our sure defence.

Like every surrender of the Saints, that large renunciation of temporal dominion now by law and justice more than eleven hundred years old, was a victory. It made the Papacy free with a democratic, or common right, untrammelled by concordats, not liable to diplomatic entanglements or vicissitudes. Of such perfect freedom Catholic Ireland, her bishops, clergy, and people, had long given the decisive instance, as had the United States in accord with its Declaration of Independence.

Of course, and in the meantime, engagements with secular Powers like Spain or Bavaria will run their term. In Italy the Church is established, and the Courts would acknowledge Canon Law as binding on all who claim to exercise Holy Orders as Catholics. This constitutes a certain difference from the attitude of the United States; but in practice there is little or none. Countries like modern France which would not suffer monks or nuns to have a legal existence, or Mexico and Russia, where Religion itself is declared to be a crime against the State, have evidently lost all sense of social free-

dom. What has become of the Liberal Era, in which the last century took such pride?

But our Holy Father is out of prison, endued with virtue from on high, able to stand against the rulers of this world of darkness. My own motto during years of struggle and sorrow has been "In Thy Light we shall see light." The centenary of Catholic Emancipation completes my eighty years, and I still hold to my text. I take the Church as it is, for what other is there to take? Heresiarchs come and go. Luther's fourth century in 1917 was a solemn "Hic jacet," or "He has ceased to live." Pius XI comes to our distracted age with a Gospel which is old, but not antiquated. It lives and moves, challenging to direct encounter Bolshevik, Anarchist, Communist—all the anti-christian forces. And, as I have proved in my section on Birth-Control, these are deliberately dooming themselves to extinction. Official enquiry on this growing danger would blanch the cheeks of those who realize what it portends.

In this book I have shown how the Irish Famines after 1830 drove into England thousands of Irish

Catholics, and how these built churches, schools, religious houses, converting after this fashion a hidden remnant into a people requiring and winning a Hierarchy.

To return to Pius XI, though I have not lost him out of sight one instant. It is an exhilarating prospect that this year, 1929, should be a Roman and Irish festival. "As ye are Christians," said St. Patrick, "be ye also Romans."

After-events have demonstrated that these words held in them a prophecy as well as a blessing. Catholic Ireland, in spite of secret societies and other misfortunes, never quarrelled with Papal Rome. Unlike England, whose Reformation consisted in Henry VIII making himself Head of the Church . . .

Well, the splendours of Papal celebrations will now be seen by thousands outside as well as beneath St. Peter's golden dome. I call to mind the Feast of Corpus Christi, 1870, when the Vatican Council took part in it. The vast Piazza was thronged, while Pius IX bore the Blessed Sacrament above those thousands of worshippers. I was

one of the privileged who held the tassels of the Pope's canopy for a while, and I saw the whole Council, the Religious Orders, and Canons of the Roman Basilicas, in what seemed an endless array. But it was the last of such processions. And now, the world's great age begins again, Italy and the Pope are free.

THE END

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